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The Month*

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&

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PALMER**

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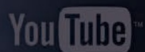
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FROM THE EDITOR

AMERICA spent last year binging on political correctness, self-policing, kangaroo courts, public protest, armchair activism, and Twitter call-outs. Things happened electorally that had all of America slamming back the booze, either in celebration or sorrow. For a year now, the national atmosphere has been like a rowdy bar at 1 A.M. on a busy night—people shouting over each other, arguments breaking out, punches thrown.

The United States of Wasted. I heard it said that the nation lost its mind. It doesn't matter what side of the aisle you sit on. That's what drinking all the Kool-Aid will do, when it's politically spiked. Our heads ache. It's the price of overindulgence. We are *so hungover*.

Today, we have no other choice but to run for the toilet, puke it all up, flush, brush, floss, and embrace the hangover head-on. Nationally, we need to pop an Advil, chug some water, log off, and go for a head-clearing hike in the mountains. Get back to sanity.

The only good thing about a hangover is that it eventually ends. We wanted to kick-start 2018 the right way, so we packed this double issue full of thought-provoking articles, gorgeous women (including Alex De La Flor, Giselle Palmer and Violet Starr), as well as an in-depth interview with one of America's greatest thinkers, Camille Paglia.

Mish Barber-Way
Executive Editor

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THE WAY YOU LOOK TONIGHT

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Giselle Palmer



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November 2017
Pet of the Month
Lena Anderson

MAIL DOMINANCE

The hot Indian controller with the perfect breasts and painted fingernails caught my attention when I started my first internship. I hope she thought of me during sex like I sometimes, but rarely, thought of her.

—D.Ko., via snail mail

[Ed: We usually like our Forum letters to go a little longer than two sentences. Next time, really get into the meat and potatoes of a great fuck. Nevertheless, your sendoff is next-level bonkers, rockers. Stay clean!]

Thank you for printing that photo spread of Canadian model Nova Patra in the November issue. What an absolutely stunning beauty. Please give us more Nova Patra. Loved the photos by Mandy-Lyn, too.

—James, via email

[Ed: Both Mandy-Lyn and Nova Patra are incredible Canadian talents. We think Mandy-Lyn is looking for a work visa, so if you want to throw down the bucks we could have her contributing on the regular. Maybe she can smuggle Nova in her suitcase? Just a thought.]

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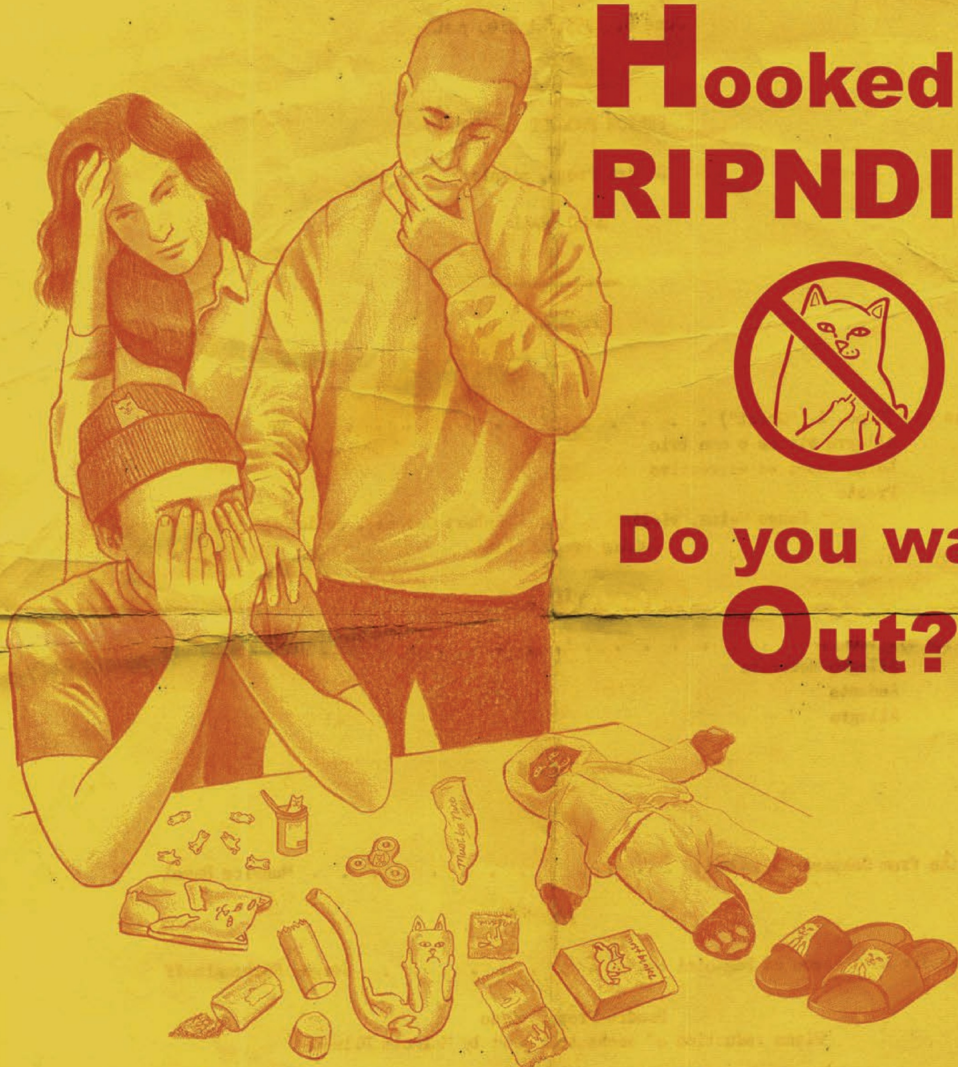


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LETTER OF THE MONTH

ANNIVERSARY ASS

MY sex life with my husband has always been fantastic—it's one of the reasons I married him. His dick is utter perfection. Even after all these years, he has to go slow at first, easing it in a little at a time, filling and stretching me until it feels like he's claiming me, body and soul. His clever fingers and heavenly tongue never fail to please me, and he makes sure I get off every time. But still, there was always something missing because we'd never explored my deepest fantasy.

I've always been driven wild imagining what it's like to have anal, but I was never bold enough to ask him for it. Part of me was afraid of what he'd think, but another part was scared that his huge dick would kill one of my longest held desires. So I silently fantasized, but never told him where my filthy mind was wandering every time he fucked me from behind.

When kids came into the picture, I thought our days of being sexually adventurous were over. We were mostly just excited to be having sex at all, frantically fucking while listening for cries of a little one who always seemed to pick the exact wrong moment to interrupt.

Finally, years into our parental journey, we had our first full night to ourselves. The kids were staying with their grandparents and we were going to a hotel, just to get away. I was giddy with excitement—it felt like prom night all over again. I bought sexy new lingerie, stocked up on wine, and got my hands on a joint, even though I hadn't smoked since college. Mama was ready to let loose and get properly laid!

Unlike prom night, however, there were no nerves as we checked into the hotel and held hands in the elevator up to our room. That's one of the things they don't tell you about marriage. Familiar may get boring for some, but for me,



familiar means I don't have to worry he's going to think my clit is six inches from its actual location, or if he's going to jackhammer into me while I silently wish for it to be over. I knew it would be good. I just didn't know how good.

We took our time relaxing, drinking, and smoking the joint, giggling like teenagers until one thing led to another and I got to reveal my sexy lingerie. In typical male fashion, he barely glanced at it before peeling it off me and dropping it in a heap on the floor. Normally I'd have complained, but by then I was too drunk, stoned, and horny to care.

His clothes soon met the same fate as my lingerie, and he kissed me deeply, pressing me back onto the bed without breaking contact. I moaned as he slid down my body and his tongue found the source of my agony. The wet heat against my clit was bliss, but I was

clenching against nothing, needing to be filled. My hands fisted the sheets as I begged, "Fuck me, fuck me, fuck me! Please, honey, fuck me!"

I felt the rumble of his laugh against my pussy, and I thought he was going to oblige me because he stood up and kneeled over me on the bed. Instead of thrusting into me, though, he turned around on top of me so that his dick was prodding at my mouth and his head was once again buried between my thighs.

He murmured, "I'm not finished yet, babe. But it seems you need something to keep your mouth occupied."

He didn't need to tell me twice. I parted my lips and took his dick as deep into my throat as I could. It slipped even deeper when he licked my pussy again, making me groan in ecstasy. I couldn't remember the last time we sixty-nined, and I'd forgotten how intense it could



HE THRUST ANOTHER FINGER INTO MY ASS, SPREADING IT WIDER THAN IT HAD EVER BEEN BEFORE.

fantasies we had never discussed. I thrust against his finger, silently pleading for more, my inhibitions lost in a haze of inebriation and wanton lust.

He thrust another finger into my ass, spreading it wider than it had ever been before. There was a momentary sting, but it quickly dissolved back into explosive pleasure.

I was so lost in the new sensations that the rock-hard cock in my mouth had become secondary, something I was madly sucking into my throat just to feel more filled. That meant I was unprepared when my husband groaned against my clit and came in shuddering waves, so deep in my throat that I didn't even need to swallow. The idea that he was as turned-on by this as I was pushed me right to the edge.

He seemed to know how close I was and didn't miss a beat, starting to thrust his fingers hard into my ass. As he added a third, I screamed with pleasure and came in the most explosive orgasm of my life. I could feel my ass clenching against his fingers as the waves of my climax went on and on.

He rolled off me and we lay next to each other for several blissful moments, panting and laughing in amazement.

"Holy shit, that was incredible!" I said, still too giddy to feel insecure.

"It was a good start to the night," he responded, turning to look at me with the wicked promise of more pleasure.

Was I going to lose my anal cherry and feel him pounding his huge cock into my ass that night? I wasn't sure if we'd get there our first try, but I did know we had just started a whole new chapter in our marriage, and I was excited to see where it would lead next.

—Morganne K., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

CONTINUED ON PAGE 142

Seeing is believing. When you've had the encounter you've been hoping for, let us know about it! Send your letters to: *Penthouse* magazine, 8944 Mason Avenue, Chatsworth, CA 91311, or email us at letters@penthouse.com.

be. I was struggling a little to breathe, but I didn't need air as much as I needed an orgasm.

I was starting to get close when I felt his tongue slide down and lick my asshole before moving back up to my clit. All coherent thought fled my brain in shock. Had he meant to do that? He had never strayed there before. Maybe it was an accident?

The next time he worked his way down to my ass, I knew it couldn't be an accident because he stayed there, gently licking and probing. It felt electric

and forbidden and gloriously filthy all at once. I would have protested when he stopped and returned to my clit, but I could barely breathe, much less talk with his cock deep in my mouth. Had he sixty-nined me on purpose so I wouldn't kill the moment by babbling and asking what he was doing?

I didn't get a chance to come up with an answer because now I felt the unmistakable press of his wet fingertip against my ass, slowly working its way into my virgin hole. His tongue was still tormenting my clit and he was awakening



A close-up, high-magnification photograph of a doll's face. The focus is on the right eye, which is a vibrant blue with a detailed, almost mechanical-looking iris. The skin is a pale, off-white color with visible pores and some minor discoloration or staining around the eye. The background is a soft, out-of-focus light blue.

B

THE DEBRIEF

TOYS AND TOTS

CHEATING VOICES, LONDON'S RANCID BLOB, ROOF PIZZA
AND OTHER ODDITIES FROM AROUND THE GLOBE.



PHOTO: SHUTTERSTOCK.COM/ BY CAT EYES

WHAT WE'VE LEARNED

LEGEND OF THE HEELS

A FEW years back, during the height of the barefoot running trend, you could see joggers with no shoes on their feet coming down the sidewalks of New York dodging dog shit, broken glass, gobs of spit, and other nasty street substances.

The jury's still out, but some studies have shown shoeless running can reduce injuries. And of course there have been great barefoot long-distance runners, including Olympic gold medalist Abebe Bikila and South African Zola Budd.

We prefer to keep our kicks on when pounding the pavement, but can't help but salute anyone committed enough to get their exercise while stepping on all the scary crap—literal and otherwise—you find on the pavements of our fair cities.

But you shoeless runners? Marathoner Irene Sewell of Chattanooga, Tennessee, drinks your milkshake! She looks at your bare dogs slapping the sidewalk and thinks, *That all you got? Talk*

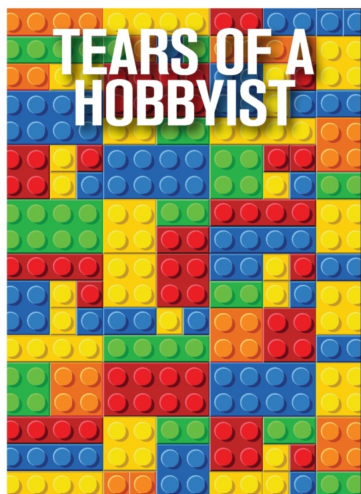
to me when you're running 26.2 miles in three-inch heels.

Sewell's not the first woman to complete the distance wearing spike heels, but she's now the fastest, by two minutes, according to the Guinness Book of World Records.

Along with her stilettos and badass attitude, she added only Band-Aids for blisters, thin insoles, and wraps for her calves, while covering the course in 7.5 hours.

Following advice from a podiatrist, she didn't do long training runs in the heels, but rather donned them occasionally. She credits years of ballroom-dancing for giving her a leg up (sorry) when it comes to click-click-clicking for multiple hours without wiping out. Or drying of pain.

We hope a world-class foot masseuse waited at the finish line. And hey, if you ever see a woman in athletic wear jogging down your block in Louboutins, don't call the men in white coats until you have more information. She might just be hoping to dethrone Irene.



STEALING someone's toys is never cool, no matter the toy or age of the owner.

But that didn't stop the cold-hearted thugs who walked away with \$7K worth of Legos that Brian Richards of Grandville, Michigan, had been collecting for thirty-plus years, beginning at age five.

While he, his wife, and two kids were sleeping, thieves broke into his house and cleaned out a basement office filled with assembled, partially assembled, and bin-sorted Lego blocks and figures. Gone was the Ghostbusters building, the Disney Castle, the Mini Cooper, and the DeLorean time machine. The bandits ignored computers, expensive camera equipment, power tools. They only grabbed the stuff Richards really cared about.

The heist was so crisply executed—a lot of loot, neatly gathered, and stealthily transported up a flight of stairs—it's like that duffel-bag-toting crew from *Heat* come to life, except instead of grabbing money stacks it was colored plastic mini-bricks.

Turns out Lego jobs are mighty tempting to the larcenous.

In 2012, a master shoplifter from Florida nabbed so much store merch police estimate he made an insane \$2M reselling the goods. And in May of last year a guy from Sydney, Australia, came away with \$8,500 worth of boosted Legos.

About the only bright spot in this toy story is that the robbers didn't touch the folders of instruction manuals. So if the stuff ever turns up, the castle, etc., can rise again.

And if the thieves are caught? How about a perp-walk in bare feet down a sidewalk littered with random Lego bricks. Cruel and unusual? Maybe. But they stole a man's Legos!

PHOTO: SHUTTERSTOCK.COM/ BY VICTOR CALAMIER



RISE OF THE MACHINES

WHEN humans drive cars, we can choose our reactions to certain dangers while on the road. But what does a driverless car do? After all, it doesn't rely on instinct—it relies on code.

According to *New Scientist* magazine, a 2015 study found that most people think driverless cars should take action to minimize harm; but this could mean choosing your life over, say, that of a pregnant woman crossing the street. And while people agreed with the concept of minimal harm, they also said they would never get into a car that would choose to kill them.

So Giuseppe Contissa and his colleagues at the University of Bologna in Italy came up with a “solution” of sorts: an “ethical knob” that would allow driverless car owners to program their vehicles to be “altruistic” (save others), “egoistic” (save you), or “impartial” (total

sociopath) in the event of an accident.

“The knob tells an autonomous car the value that the driver gives to his or her life relative to the lives of others,” said Contissa. “The car would use this information to calculate the actions it will execute, taking into account the probability that the passengers or other parties suffer harm as a consequence of the car’s decision.”

While intriguing, the idea of driverless cars still scares the shit out of us. It really is putting the fates of human beings in the, er, hands of machines, which is pretty much the definition of the Singularity, aka the end of mankind.

Call us old-fashioned, but if the solution to some of the most challenging issues driverless cars present is to hand back control to humans, isn't it easier if we just keep driving our own goddamn cars?



FATBERG AHOY!

AN enormous clotted mass of grease and garbage has been found in the sewers of London's East End. The “fatberg” is comprised of all kinds of modern-world goodies: cooking oil, diapers, wet wipes, condoms, tampons, and other delectable things that people shouldn't flush down the toilet but do.

Fortunately, the poor sods at Thames Water, the capital's utility, have partnered with sustainable biodiesel producer Argent Energy to convert the 143-ton “rancid blob” into 2,643 gallons of “pure green fuel,” said Thames Water manager Alex Saunders.

Engineers found the fatberg while doing a routine check of the sewers. The massive “cement-like plug” extended through 820 feet of Victorian-era pipes, the length of two football fields. And because we know you're all wondering, the smell of it was described as a combination of filthy toilets and rancid meat. (You're welcome!)

To keep the mass from flooding nearby streets, eight lucky workers got to break it up with high-pressure water jets and hand tools. They then sent the loosened hunks of nastiness to a processing plant to separate the oils and fats and convert them to biodiesel. (FYI, biodiesel is a fuel that burns cleaner than fossil-derived diesel.) Meanwhile, the Museum of London hopes to acquire a cross section of the fatberg for its collection.

The moral of this story? Human beings are pigs and it's high time we wake the fuck up and stop flushing whatever we don't feel like dealing with down the toilet—diapers, wipes, condoms, what have you. Wrap that shit up and throw it in the trash, people!

And as far as cooking oil goes, Brits should take a page from the American handbook of class and etiquette and pour it in their neighbor's yard.



PHOTO: SHUTTERSTOCK.COM / BY SOPHINOIR

HOT MOSAIC

ROMAN emperor Caligula, as you've probably heard, was no angel.

He had a brand and that brand was excess, power, cruelty, megalomania, and sex. Lots and lots of sex. When Morrissey, frontman for the Smiths, sang "Caligula would have blushed" in his song "Heaven Knows I'm Miserable Now," he knew everybody would get the line. To make that perv in a toga blush, something's gotta be nasty!

A life that crazy, glitzy, and nookie-packed cried out for cinematic treatment, and *Penthouse* agreed. In the late seventies, our founder Bob Guccione produced *Caligula* with A-list talent (Malcolm McDowell, Sir John Gielgud, Helen Mirren, and Lawrence of Arabia himself, Peter O'Toole), top production values, historical

sweep, and tons of nudity.

"An irresistible mix of art and genitals," Mirren called it.

With Emperor Horny in our history, we were all over a story this fall concerning an NYC coffee table that had a Caligula connection. Turns out a Park Avenue couple had long been setting glasses down on a table whose mosaic top was once part of a floor inside a huge floating pleasure palace Caligula built to bring the party to Lake Nemi outside Rome.

Almost ninety years ago, Mussolini dredged the lake and found two of the three love boats Caligula commissioned. The dictator had a museum constructed to house what was salvaged. The four-by-four mosaic section was later stolen, authorities believe, changed hands a few times, and

finally was sold to the couple in the sixties.

The seller was an "Italian aristocrat," the husband and wife told investigators.

How was it traced to them? Pure chance. A guy was giving a New York talk on Roman mosaics. He showed a 50-year-old photo of the relic. Someone in the audience was more or less like, *Whoa, that looks a lot like the coffee table I set my wine glass down on during a party in that Park Avenue apartment*. Phone calls were made. Badda bing.

In October, authorities returned the mosaic to the Italian government. Our view? It should have gone to Arizona's Lake Havasu. It's already got the actual London Bridge. And at spring break that place gets almost as wild as Lake Nemi during Caligula's time.

BUSTED BY VOICES

LISTEN up, playas! You, too, ladies who stray. A new study discovered that your mouth can give away your cheatin' heart. No matter what's coming out of it.

It's all about the voice.

In the latest installment of Interesting-Research-We're-Not-Really-Sure-What-to-Do-With, a Pennsylvania psychology professor, in a study published by *Evolutionary Psychology*, utilized an audio database of twenty people counting to ten.

The group was evenly split between genders, and overlapped demographically in these ways: white, heterosexual, unmarried, and in relationships they described as committed. But in terms of romantic histories, five men and five women reported fucking around on a partner

("sexual intercourse with a person outside of a previous or current, exclusive and committed relationship at some point in their lives," as the study put it), while the remaining ten reported no cheating in their past or present.

The clips were played to study participants. And the results were surprising. When asked to rate the voices on a "likely-to-cheat" scale, the listeners proved notably accurate at identifying speakers who had reported being unfaithful.

Even when the pitch of the recorded voices was altered, people tended to make the right calls. Researchers aren't even sure why we're so good at this. They suspect our "perceptual system" is responding to a host of cues, including clarity of articulation

(Vin Diesel-ish lower clarity tracks with higher masculinity, which itself tracks with greater tomcatting tendencies), variety in vocal frequency, and number of silent pauses.

Frequency shifts and fewer pauses track with extroversion. And extroverts—more than the shy, inward types—tend to look for a little side action.

The Albright College professor even offered advice if you're in the market for a relationship—avoid what she called the "deaf date." Rather than, say, setting up an evening after OkCupid matching and text messages, try to have a phone call so you can hear the person's voice. She didn't address whether extroverts should work some dead air and monotone into the chat so they don't come across as a cheater-in-waiting.

PHOTO: SHUTTERSTOCK.COM / BY JOHNNY BLACK



FINE FEATHERED VANDAL

BIRDS can be friend or foe. On the friend side of the ledger, check out the short film *Canuck* (it's on YouTube) about the guy in Vancouver who walks around the city with his pal Canuck the crow. Instead of flying away on the day his neighbor went to release it after rescuing it as a chick, the bird flew to this guy's arm and now that happens every day.

It's a wild crow, but still hangs with this Vancouverite when he's out and about.

On the foe front are the Australian magpies that harass cyclists anytime they ride near the birds' roadside nests. There's a YouTube video of a rider deploying his custom magpie-frightener. The DIY device looks like a pair of party

blowers (those things that unroll and honk when you blow into them) attached to his helmet. When a squawking magpie dive-bombs, he puffs into a tube that instantly inflates the two extensions.

But those magpies can't hold a candle to the female peacock that recently strutted through the open door of Royal Oaks Liquor in Arcadia, California.

The manager, 21-year-old Rani Ghanem, didn't notice it come in. Then a customer alerted him to *el pollo*. Ghanem went over to check out the "chicken," and as if angered by the species misidentification, the bird rushed him, then bolted to a top shelf.

After Ghanem called animal control,

things got goofy—and a bit like that bottle-smashing shoot-out at Benny's World of Liquor in *From Dusk Till Dawn*.

The animal pros showed up with a huge fishing net and started swinging at the peacock. The bird went berserk, rocketing around like a pissed-off juvenile pterodactyl, knocking bottle after bottle of wine and liquor off store shelves.

Taking matters into his own hands, Ghanem donned a sweatshirt to protect his arms from its talons, swooped in, and gathered up the frenzied fowl, saving the store's remaining booze. As it was, \$500 worth of hooch puddled the floor.

We hope Ghanem poured himself a drink. Though maybe not Wild Turkey.

WOO GIRL EXTRAORDINAIRE

IF you've ever seen vintage clips of teenyboppers screaming at the Beatles in their mop-haired early days, then you've seen some pretty good teen-girl screaming.

But this 16-year-old One Direction fan from Texas? Next level.

She wailed so loudly at a concert featuring the chart-topping boy band that she collapsed a lung. The story emerged in last October's issue of the *Journal of Emergency Medicine*. While screaming she experienced shortness of breath. The problem continued after the concert and she went to the emergency room. The attending physician wasn't too concerned at first since she was breathing normally and her lungs sounded like they should.

But then came the Rice Krispies moment. That's how the doctor later described what it felt and sounded like as his hands pressed down on the skin of the girl's chest and throat.

The condition, called crepitus, is caused by air getting into the soft tissue beneath the skin. It crackles and pops like the breakfast cereal when pressure is applied.

An X-ray revealed she had air where you don't want air, including behind her throat, around her heart, and between her lungs and chest wall. This last issue is symptomatic of a collapsed lung. In her case, it was a mild collapse, but still no walk in the park.

Doctors wanted to find out where the air was coming from. They did a CAT scan looking for a tear in her respiratory tract, but couldn't find the source of the leak. Her condition stabilized overnight, the shortness of breath went away, and she was released from the hospital with instructions to dial down the screaming at boy bands.

The theory is she's the proud owner of a tiny leak that only opens when she howls, then seals up tight. As long as she's able to control her exuberance at concerts, she should lead a normal life with no restrictions. Though it's never a bad idea to limit your intake of One Direction shows, if you partake at all.





PHOTO: SHUTTERSTOCK.COM / BY CLAUDIO GABRIEL GONDA

HOOSIER HELL

EVER seen *The Descent*? Six women go caving. And since it's a horror movie, scary shit happens underground.

We sincerely hope 19-year-old student Lukas Cavar—yup, that's his last name, Cavar—hadn't seen this flick prior to spending 58 hours trapped in Indiana's Sullivan Cave.

Out for the first time with Indiana University's caving club, the newbie was in a long, crouch-requiring passage called the Backbreaker when for some reason he decided to leave his group in hopes of joining a second group.

Bad move. Cavar got lost.

Okay, but the club went searching for him, right? Wrong. An hour or two later, club members and a university staffer simply got in their cars and...drove home. They didn't know Cavar was missing. His "buddy" in the buddy system thought the IU student had succeeded in joining the other group. Later, outside the cavern, some carpool shuffling added to the comedy of errors.

Meanwhile young Lukas, trying not to freak out, managed to find his way to the mouth of the cave, which was gated and locked. He couldn't get a cellphone signal. He had no water, no food. So for the next two and a half days, he enjoyed the company of bats and salamanders, licked cave walls to hydrate, and wrote sad notes to loved ones on his phone. Hungry, he also considered eating crickets.

He got himself lost on a September Sunday. Not until Tuesday night did his parents realize their son was missing. They sounded the alarm, kicking off a rescue mission. The searchers found Cavar curled up asleep at the bottom of the cave entrance.

"We have a series of rigorous protocols in place that are supposed to prevent situations like this," said the caving club in a post-rescue statement. "We had a failure in our leadership to closely follow all these safety procedures." Ya think?

Cavar's "buddy" should buy him beers for the rest of college.

ROOF CHEESE

HISTORICALLY, throwing food was a form of protest. And a person was the target.

Rioters nailed a Roman emperor with turnips in 63 A.D. Troglodytes threw rotten eggs at Frederick Douglass. An actor got hit between the eyes by an unripe tomato hurled in a Manhattan theater in 1883, the *New York Times* reported then, and actually went down.

On the lighter side, you have food fights. Like the one in *Animal House*. It's fun to chuck tater tots at someone. There's an excellent hybrid of the two chow-throwing traditions in the Nicolas Cage movie *The Weatherman*. Cage plays a dorky Chicago TV forecaster who walks the Windy City gun-shy because it's become a thing for people to toss fast food at him from moving cars. A burrito, a burger, a Slurpee, whatever you got. Bombs away.

But the most famous recent act of food-lobbing? A scene in season three of *Breaking Bad*. After Albuquerque science teacher turned meth-cooker Walter White reveals his shady sideline to his wife, she locks him out of the house.

In frustration, White flings his make-nice offering, a big takeout pizza, out of the box and onto the roof of the ranch house. Thing is, that house actually exists. And a woman lives in it. And for seven years she's endured fans showing up trying to do what Walter did. Cranston nailed the pizza toss in one take. Would-be re-creators aren't always so slick. Of course it's not easy to Frisbee a loaded pie out of a box. And while it's a fun challenge and photo-op for the flinger, it's not much fun for the homeowner.

How'd you like to clean Papa John's off your house time and time again?

Solution? A six-foot property fence. It went up this fall.

So far it has had a pizza-reducing effect. We said so far... ☹️



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MUSIC

LUSH LIFE

THE REPLACEMENTS WERE LOUD, BRILLIANT, AND DRUNK.

BY CHRIS COLLINGWOOD

The Replacements in 1988 (left to right): Tommy Stinson, Chris Mars, Paul Westerberg, and Slim Dunlap

WAS nineteen when the Minneapolis band the Replacements were at their modest peak. In the 1980s, college radio had begun to emerge as a commercial force, as future behemoths like R.E.M., XTC, the Smiths, and the Cure found a collective niche apart from Top 40, in what would soon be called “alternative rock.”

You could write a book about the explosion of innovative music that ensued in the short period between alt-rock’s onset and its eventual subsumption by the very corporate entities it had once stood against. Nowadays, when nearly everyone you know has put out a record, it seems quaint that new music was once a scarce physical product and as such a valuable commodity. It’s hard to say collectively what set the acts of that era apart from the mainstream. They looked different for sure, and a lot of them were playing with brand-new technologies, but as a whole, the word “alternative” pretty much summed it up: a genre defined by what it was not.

The Replacements had more in common with FM schlock rock than the other alternative acts of the day. Most of those bands existed in their own space, seemingly in blissful ignorance of Journey, REO Speedwagon, and Styx. The Replacements, on the other hand, were American rock’s delinquent stepsons. They were born of the same elements, somehow

more jarringly anti-mainstream for having chewed up the genre’s loud guitars and drums and spat them back out. Sloppily. And holy shit, they like to drink.

I’d be lying if I said that aspect of the band didn’t appeal to me back then. Lead

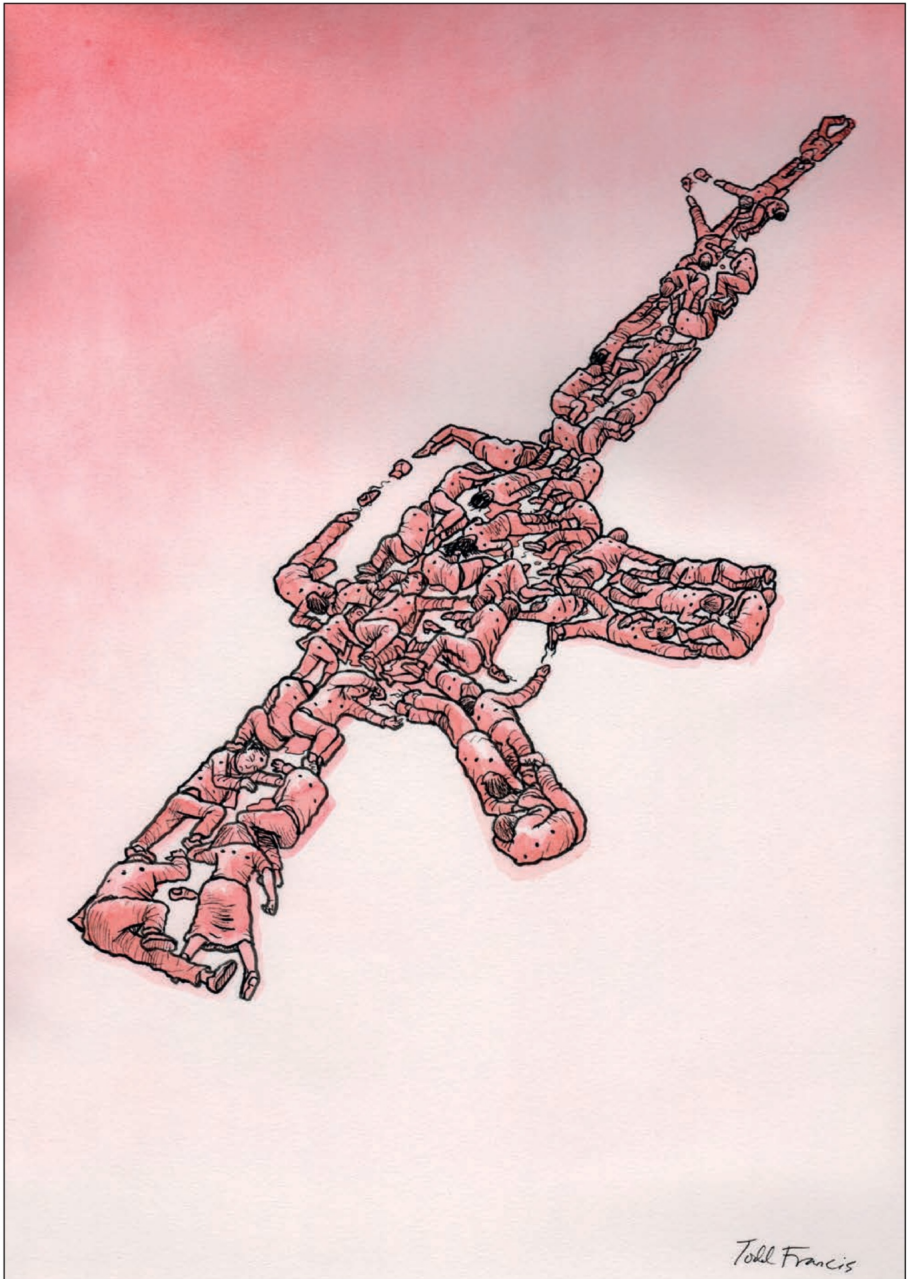
A TICKET TO SEE THE REPLACEMENTS WAS A GAMBLE: THEY MIGHT MAKE IT THROUGH THE SET BUT WERE JUST AS LIKELY TO START A SCREAMING MATCH WITH THE AUDIENCE, FORGET THEIR OWN SONGS, AND PASS OUT IN A KIDDIE POOL.

singer Paul Westerberg wrote some truly brilliant, heart-wrenching songs (you can hear his influence on later, more successful acts like Nirvana), but in line with their tossed-off recordings and disheveled swagger, the band quickly earned a reputation as a bunch of stumbling, belligerent drunks. And they seemed hell-bent on sabotaging their chances for wider success with self-destructive behavior at every turn.

A ticket to see the Replacements was a gamble: They might make it through the set but were just as likely to start a screaming match with the audience, forget their own songs, and pass out in a kiddie pool. Despite themselves, in 1986 they ended up on *Saturday Night Live*, a platform most bands would consider a career milestone. They proceeded to play out of tune, forget the words, and say “fuck” on live TV. They were banned from the show for life.

It’s Psychology 101 that a lot of self-destructive behavior has its roots in the fears of intimacy and failure. I was taking psychology classes at the time, and in an academic way I understood this concept. But it’s hard to deny the entertainment value of unrestrained chaos. If you grow up in a small town and get good grades and never step out of line, a certain kind of nihilism comes across as authentic, if not downright heroic. What’s the point of full-time self-endangerment if not superhero status? I loved the Replacements. And when I think back on all the dumb shit I did over the last twenty years, it’s pretty lame by comparison. ☹️

Chris Collingwood is a singer, songwriter, and cofounder of the rock group Fountains of Wayne. His new band, Look Park, released their eponymous debut in 2016. Follow him @lookpark



MAN OF THE MOMENT

GIANNIS ANTETOKOUNMPO



WHERE'S his ceiling? How high can he go? What's next?

These are the questions people in and out of basketball are asking about 6-foot-11 superstar Giannis Antetokounmpo, newly 23 and coming off a season where he became the first Milwaukee Buck to start an All-Star game since 1986 and did something only four elite players—Dave Cowens, Scottie Pippen, Kevin Garnett, LeBron James—had ever done before.

The Athens-born son of undocumented immigrants from Lagos, Nigeria, led his team in all five major statistical categories: points, rebounds, assists, steals, blocks.

And the terrifying thing for the rest of the league? He's only getting better.

Just as Antetokounmpo had to learn to drive, trade in some Euro disco for hip-hop, and get acquainted with peanut butter after relocating to Milwaukee in 2013, the Greek Freak, as he's been dubbed, is still a work-in-progress, according to coaches and the player himself. As future Hall of Fame point guard Jason Kidd, Bucks head coach, told the *New York Times* in November, "He's like a plane that just started taking off. He's at 10,000 feet."

Or listen to the last Buck to make the All-Star team, sharpshooter Michael Redd, who looks at the 230-pound scorer-distributor-defender, with his 87-inch wingspan and 12-inch hands (bigger mitts than Kawhi Leonard and Wilt Chamberlain), and says simply: "Once he learns how to play play—unstoppable. It's almost like he's from another planet."

Despite still honing his long-range game, and absorbing lessons from Kidd and assistant coaches when it comes to offensive decision-making and defensive subtleties, Antetokounmpo got off to a blazing start this year, leading the league in scoring (31 points per game), while averaging ten boards and five assists through eight games. This kind of liftoff, hitting those numbers, had never been done before in a season's first two weeks.

Also scary? Antetokounmpo is legendarily hard-working. He's an athletic prodigy with a gym rat's temperament. If a teammate stays after practice to shoot, Antetokounmpo will stay, too, and not leave until he's the last one there. If he played poorly after a home game in his early years, he'd skip the showers and drive straight to the Bucks practice facility on brutal winter nights, staying past midnight, working on the shooting stroke, footwork.

Lots of NBA players grew up in tough circumstances. But the hunger Antetokounmpo experienced growing up in a series of cramped Athens flats, four brothers to a bed, peddling trinkets to tourists from a sidewalk post, has helped fuel a drive to succeed, whatever the cost, that seems notable in its intensity.

And as fierce as he is about being the best, this son of top athletes (father in soccer, mother a high-jumper) is beloved throughout the Bucks organization, from lobby attendants to team execs, for his warm, sociable personality. The Giannis Scowl—the trademark game face he wears, flexing his arms, after dunking on somebody or swatting their shot into the rafters—was created only after a lot of practice in front of a mirror.

It's been a remarkable journey from working-class Athens, the only black family in the neighborhood for blocks, parents living in fear of deportation, to where he is now. What about in ten years? The best European player since Dirk Nowitzki? Or one of the best players to ever hit the hardwood, period? How high will the Greek Freak fly? —

PHOTO: GETTY IMAGES ENTERTAINMENT / KEVIN MAZUR



"HEY, I THINK I FOUND THE LICKER CABINET!"



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GOODBYE, HARRY DEAN

BY SARAH WALKER

ON September 15, America lost one of its coolest men, Harry Dean Stanton. There's so much we loved about Stanton, the Kentucky-born World War II veteran who discovered his love of acting in a college drama class. A notorious lone wolf on-screen and off, Stanton seemed to be everywhere all the time, appearing in more than 200 films and TV shows in his 60-year career. Yet somehow we never got tired of him.

"Play yourself" was the advice Jack Nicholson gave Stanton when he wrote a part for him in the 1966 outlaw film *Ride the Whirlwind*, and that's exactly what he did—for the rest of his career. Stanton's naturalistic technique made him the perfect fit for all his roles, and that's saying a lot. Here's a look back at some of our favorites.

» STRAIGHT TIME (1978)

Though one of his lesser-known features, it's a must-see for film nerds and lovers of 70s cinema. Dustin Hoffman plays Max Dembo, a thief newly released from prison who falls miserably at going straight, so he returns to what he knows best, and brings Jerry (Stanton) in to help. Stanton was an experienced yet still obscure character actor at the time, and beyond cool with his long hair, aviator sunglasses, and sawed-off shotgun.

» DEATH WATCH (1979)

An odd sci-fi melodrama, directed by French auteur Bertrand Tavernier and filmed in Scotland. Stanton plays Vincent Ferriman, a callous reality-TV producer who implants a camera in Harvey Keitel's eyes so he can surreptitiously film the last days of a terminally ill woman (Romy Schneider). HDS's everyman persona is a strange match for this slick character whose ethics are severely out of whack, but as with everything Stanton did, it works.

» ALIEN (1979)

Years before it became just another Hollywood franchise, Ridley Scott's terrifying masterpiece was like nothing anyone had ever seen. Stanton plays Brett, the mercenary, trucker-hat-wearing engineer on the "commercial towing vehicle" *Nostromo*, and the second victim of the titular monster,



Harry Dean Stanton at Dan Tana's Restaurant on August 22, 2013 in West Hollywood, California

after John Hurt's abdominal blowout. Yet another supporting role for Stanton, but a breakthrough one at that.

» ESCAPE FROM NEW YORK (1981)

Alright, so John Carpenter's futuristic cult classic isn't as great as we remember, but it's campy and fun and so off-the-mark from what NYC actually became. Air Force One crashes into the maximum-security prison island of Manhattan, and Snake Plissken (Kurt Russell) must rescue the POTUS from the inmates. Stanton plays "Brain," a demolitions expert and BF of sexy scream queen Adrienne Barbeau. It's a nonsensical film (currently getting a Robert Rodriguez reboot) that's somehow grounded by Stanton's presence.

» REPO MAN (1984)

Helmed by first-time director Alex Cox (*Sid & Nancy*), this film was required viewing for 80s punks. Stanton plays Bud, an obscenities-spewing repo man who's on the hunt for a Chevy Malibu with radioactive aliens in the trunk. The role was originally offered to Dennis Hopper, who wanted too much money; thankfully Stanton stepped in, owned the part, and secured his cult status for all eternity.

» PARIS, TEXAS (1984)

HDS's first leading role, at age 58, in Wim Wenders' gorgeous desert drama. Sam Shepard cowrote the screenplay, and it was his idea to cast Stanton as Travis, an amnesiac wanderer who's lured back to the civilized world by his

brother (Dean Stockwell) to reconcile with his wife (Nastassja Kinski) and their young son. Arguably one of the most gut-wrenching scenes in cinema occurs when Travis reconnects with her at the sex club where she works, tears pouring down his face as he recounts their doomed relationship.

» HARRY DEAN STANTON: PARTLY FICTION (2012)

Also the name of an album released jointly with the film (Stanton was an accomplished musician), this documentary, directed by Sophie Huber, follows the then 87-year-old actor around, asking him questions he'd rather not answer. Stanton drinks, smokes, and visits with old friends and collaborators—Wim Wenders, David Lynch, Shepard. He's a tired old man who's sick of talking, but ask him to sing and he lights up the room.

» LUCKY (2017)

Just as the film's title card says, "Harry Dean Stanton *is* Lucky": a bullshit-free curmudgeon whose small, regimented world is comprised of five daily yoga moves, cigarettes, pots of coffee, silent wandering, and the occasional song. This was Stanton's second leading role, and like *Paris, Texas*, it was written for him (by his longtime assistant, Logan Sparks). The film serves as both tribute and eulogy, and in it, Lucky and Stanton appear ready to shuffle off this mortal coil—and shuffle off he did, at age 91, two weeks before the film's release. **C+**



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EXTRA LIFE

Rebound from your holiday gaming binge with these essential expansions.

Fall brought its usual bounty of blockbuster games that you *simply had to play right now*. But those big titles that were so hot straight through the holidays are now beaten and boring, gathering dust behind the couch. Never fear, though, because you can revitalize those binged games with these add-ons, and cure that holiday-gaming hangover.

» **South Park: The Fractured But Whole Season Pass • Ubisoft**
(Xbox One, PS4, PC)

The funniest *South Park* roleplaying game since, well, the last *South Park* roleplaying game, *The Fractured But Whole* packs an absurd amount of fart jokes and social commentary into its tidy 16-hour playtime, but Cartman and company's wisecracks don't stop when the end credits role. Players who sign up for the \$20 season pass gain access to two new story episodes—including a battle against a demonic presence in a Mexican restaurant—along with a host of exclusive costumes and ability-enhancing artifacts.

» **Wolfenstein 2: The New Colossus Season Pass • Bethesda Softworks**
(Xbox One, PS4, Nintendo Switch, PC)



Set in an alternate history in which the Germans won World War II, *Wolfenstein 2* takes the surreally controversial stance that Nazis are anything but “very fine people.” In these three bonus chapters, series hero William “B.J.” Blazkowicz takes a backseat to new heroes—including a black former pro quarterback and a female ex-OSS agent—of the anti-Nazi resistance. Missions have you infiltrating the Third Reich's bunkers in



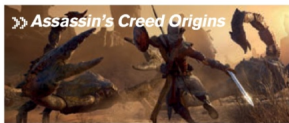
California, sabotaging a Nazi operation in Alaska, and dismantling the Führer's Final Solution using satisfying tactics ripped right from *Inglourious Basterds*.

» **Destiny 2: Expansion 1: Curse of Osiris • Activision**
(Xbox One, PS4, PC)



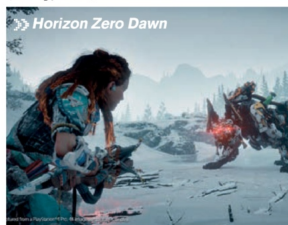
Even if you didn't know diddly about this futuristic first-person-shooter franchise, *Destiny 2* probably had you at *Halo*. Developed by Bungie, the studio that masterminded Master Chief and the mega-selling *Halo* series for Microsoft's machines, the series elevated multiplayer firefights into an art form. This first of many proposed add-ons delivers all-new story missions on the planet Mercury, where you'll help alter the timeline to avert a dystopian future and uncover the mysteries of the legendary Warlock. Or you can ignore all the story crap and just blast your buddies in cool new environments that would have done the Master Chief proud.

» **Assassin's Creed Origins Season Pass • Ubisoft**
(Xbox One, PS4, PC)



In ancient Egypt, there was a deity for every danger, dilemma, and daily chore—more than 2,000 gods and goddesses. In this expansion for the action-RPG origin story of the *Assassin's Creed* series, you get to fight more than a few of them while exploring a realm much more mystical than the more historically accurate main game. Bone up on your Egyptology to end a curse bringing pharaoh mummies back to life, then clash with an occupying Roman force in a new region offered by the second of two downloadable add-ons. If you missed this must-play adventure during the holidays, you can buy the entire Gold Edition package for \$30.

» **Horizon Zero Dawn: The Frozen Wilds • Sony Interactive**
(Sony, PS4)



One of the holiday season's greatest games wasn't a sequel or a licensed title or even a gritty military shooter (despite its gung ho name). *Horizon Zero Dawn* is a vividly imaginative action-adventure set in a hauntingly lush postapocalyptic world crawling with mysterious robotic creatures. Play the original if you haven't, then grab this downloadable chapter to continue the adventures of ginger hunter Aloy. Travel beyond the previously off-limits northern mountains to explore an Arctic wilderness filled with new animals and a mysterious tribe that doesn't take kindly to trespassers. ☺



JAMES SILK
2017

THE FOGGY HISTORY OF HANGOVERS

BY MICHAEL HINGSTON

WHEN you get right down to it, most of history is weird. That's why writing a column like this one is a pretty plum gig. No matter how innocuous the topic might sound, you'll inevitably come across a story that seems totally bizarre to our modern sensibility if you're willing to dig deep enough. So with this month's theme of hangovers, I was sure I was once again in the clear—after all, what could be an easier target than the disastrous aftereffects of too much booze?

Reader, I appear before you today humbled. After spending hours poking around online, and stomping around multiple university libraries, I am here to report that hangovers are...kind of boring, historically speaking.

At first glance, this makes no sense. Getting drunk is an act that's nearly as old as humanity itself; some researchers believe people were making alcohol even before we figured out how to grow our own crops. And as long as we've been drinking, we've been drinking too much, and then rolling around on the floor as our heads and stomachs team up to punish us for our liquid gluttony. In all that time, the course of history hasn't been altered by a particularly nasty hangover or two?

Well, it has. We just don't know about it. In truth, the reason the history of hangovers isn't all that weird is because, unlike a lot of things, they aren't some mysterious experience that science can only explain retroactively. The cause and effect is fairly obvious, and has been understood as such at least as far back as ancient Greece: Drink too much, and you'll pay for it later. So stop talking about it so loudly, and pass me the Advil already.

Not that that dissuaded anyone from partaking in the first place, of course. The Greeks loved their wine so much that they created a party god, Dionysus, who was responsible for the all-important grape crop. They also believed that people who preferred water to alcohol weren't just boring, but actually smelled bad. The Greeks didn't believe in a hangover god, though (an unusual omission that would later inspire author Terry Pratchett to invent one). Instead, they knew to seek out better-quality alcohols, and, when all else failed, to sleep the rest of the day away.

No matter the part of the world, wherever alcohol appeared, hangovers weren't far behind. And each culture grappled with

them in its own way. The oldest-known Arabic cookbook, from the tenth century, suggested adding an early kind of lemonade to your alcohol to stop a hangover before it started, and if that didn't work, downing a bowl of yogurt-y stew called *kishkiyya*.

In the exceedingly formal society of sixteenth-century Japan, meanwhile, it was considered polite after an alcohol-heavy event to demonstrate the extent of one's hangover—even if you didn't actually have one. To fake it, people would send late thank-you notes to the host, written with intentionally sloppy handwriting.

But if humans have long understood the *what* of hangovers, sometimes a little too well—I'm partial to Kingsley Amis's description, from *Lucky Jim*, of feeling like you've "somehow been on a cross-country run and then been expertly beat up by secret police"—they continued to struggle to understand the *how*. However, hangovers are starting to get their due from scientists. Recent studies have tried to break hangovers down into their constituent parts, from dehydration to nausea to a catch-all category of leftover fermentation chemicals in your stomach called "congeners."

Still, the search for a cure remains as elusive as ever. In fact, by far the weirdest part of hangovers isn't their past, but their future. As we speak, plenty of private companies are hard at work on developing a workaround—all that remains to be seen is which version gets to market first, and which one takes off with the public. Will it be RU-21, a Russian-made pill originally developed by the KGB? Or the tea company Tetley, which plans to roll out a special hangover tea by 2026? Or how about one of the many groups working on so-called "synthetic alcohol," which is supposed to manipulate and massage the neurotransmitters that give us the feeling of being drunk?

Personally, I've learned to avoid the problem by drinking two beers and then quitting. But the estimated \$148 billion that hangovers cost the U.S. economy in lost productivity each year suggests that a more pressing solution might be useful. 012

Michael Hingston is a writer based in Edmonton, Alberta. He was our Executive Editor's kindergarten boyfriend.



CAMI O'CONNOR, July 1982



SLEEPING IN

It's a well-known fact that people prefer to spend January 1 in bed. New Year's Day—whether you're hungover or not—is the official 24 hours of sloth. After you've partied all your woes out, what's better than spending the next day wrapped up in the legs of your lady and some really soft sheets? Nothing.



REBECCA DAVENPORT, August 1977

BETSY HARRIS, February 1977







JUDY CLAYTON, April 1975



SHONNA LYNNE, April 1977







GINGER MILLER, 1989 Pet of the Year



SHEILA KENNEDY, October 1981

THE ONE-WAY STREET OF COLLEGE DRINKING AND SEX

BY ALAN M. DERSHOWITZ

ILLLEGAL underage drinking is fueling many of the disputed sexual encounters that are roiling college campuses around the country. And university administrators don't have the guts to confront this issue directly because it would make them unpopular with students who regard the right to get drunk and "hook up" as fundamental to the college experience.

Many if not most of the she-said-he-said controversies about whether a sexual encounter was consensual involve one or both parties being drunk. In these situations, memories are blurred and the woman is almost always believed. Moreover, women aren't charged when they have sex with a drunk man. It's a one-way street.

Colleges that knowingly permit drinking by underage students are not only morally complicit, they may be legally complicit. They claim they can't stop it. They are lying. It wouldn't be easy to stop all illegal underage drinking, but it would certainly be possible to reduce the incidence of drunkenness among students.

Colleges could have a zero-tolerance policy toward underage drinking: If you're caught, you're automatically suspended.

They could have university police monitor local bars and card all undergrads.

They could ban alcohol in dorm rooms and actually enforce the ban.

They could require dorm supervisors to report drunken conduct.

Already many dorms have video cameras that record the entry and exit of students. These videos could identify drunk students, just as such footage is utilized in contested sexual assault cases.

Fraternities, sororities, and other clubs that today serve

as alcohol mills should be required to stop providing booze to teenagers.

Tailgate parties could be monitored for underage drinking.

None of this would be easy or popular but it could have a dramatic effect on reducing sexual assaults. It would also reduce the number of questionable cases in which both parties are drunk and lack clear memories of what happened.

I am not suggesting that colleges adopt Brigham Young University's blanket prohibition on all premarital sex, or even its blanket prohibition on all drinking, regardless of age. But to be effective, a ban on underage drinking would have to be somewhat over-inclusive—it would have to apply to *all* undergraduates, even those who have reached the drinking age of 21. Otherwise it would be too easy for 21-year-old undergrads to become the providers and facilitators of underage drinking. The slightly over-inclusive ban would permit colleges to have an absolute rule against any alcohol in undergraduate dorms, at undergraduate parties, and other social events. It would require 21-year-olds to wait until they graduated before drinking on their alma mater's campus.

But it would be worth it, if it cut down on the number of sexual assaults and complaints. It is difficult to come up with hard statistical evidence of cause and effect when it comes to alcohol and sex, because the data on drinking and sexual assaults is unreliable. But clinical evidence points to a close association between excessive drinking and disputed sexual encounters.

An effective ban on underage drinking would also save colleges a small fortune. Today, there is an entire bureaucracy in many colleges whose primary job is to monitor the sexual behavior of students to assure that every sexual encounter meets the varying standards of



**THERE IS NOTHING IDEOLOGICAL ABOUT DRINKING.
MOREOVER, IT IS GENDER NEUTRAL—WOMEN ARE AS MUCH AT FAULT AS MEN.**

consent articulated by different colleges. It would also improve the quality of the education provided by colleges, since students who come to class with hangovers are not in the best position to learn. Finally, it would reduce the number of fatalities and serious injuries associated with alcohol consumption.

So why is there no movement on campuses to allocate more resources to regulating drunkenness rather than sex? Because an entire industry and political movement has been built around punishing alleged sex offenders rather than preventing sex offenses. There is nothing ideological about drinking. Moreover, it is gender neutral—women are as much at fault as men. So

there is no political or ideological benefit in focusing on the alcohol component of sexual encounters. But the cost of tolerating pervasive drunkenness on campuses—especially to women—is too high. Difficult and unpopular as it would be, it is imperative that colleges take responsibility for tolerating the crime of underage drinking. [O—H](#)

Alan M. Dershowitz is professor emeritus at Harvard Law School and author of [Trumped Up: How Criminalization of Political Differences Endangers Democracy](#), which is now available. Follow him [@AlanDersh](#)

AFTER A DAY OF STUPID...

OUR MONTHLY SEARCH FOR STUFF THAT WON'T DENT YOUR IQ.

BY JOE DEROSA

BOOZE has occupied a top shelf in literature since the time of the Greeks. Along with all the philosophizing that goes on in Plato's *Symposium*, there's a shitload of drinking, since getting blasted on wine and debating the meaning of life was the whole point of a "symposium." Exhibit B? *The Bacchae*, by Euripides, considered one of the greatest plays ever written. Not messing around, it makes Dionysus, the god of wine, its protagonist.

Shakespeare got in on the action with Falstaff, the corpulent knight who shows up in three different plays hanging out at the Boar's Head Tavern getting wasted on sherry. Drinking buddy of Prince Hal, future king, Falstaff got his own Orson Welles movie, *Chimes at Midnight*, and inspired Falstaff Beer out of St. Louis, merrily quaffed for 102 years.

Books and beer, lit and liquor—they go together. Reading while buzzed is a risk-free activity (unlike, say, swinging a kettlebell through your legs drunk at the gym). Not for nothing do you have bookstores offering adult beverages these days. Next time you're in Hudson, New York, check out Spotty Dog Books & Ale. Or grab a cocktail at Denver's BookBar. And it's not like you have to reach back to ancient Athens or Renaissance England for a work of hooch lit. Here's our line-up of ten modern and contemporary keepers. They bottle their topic in different ways, but all give a leading role to the sauce.

EVERYDAY DRINKING

Twentieth-century British writer Kingsley Amis, father of novelist Martin, drank like a fish, excelled at zingers, and wrote superbly. His hangover riffs, here and in *Lucky Jim*, are the gold standard. "His mouth had been used as a latrine by some small creature of the night," Amis writes in *Jim*, his first novel. This compendium, fizzily introduced by Christopher Hitchens, gathers the hilarious drink columns Amis wrote in the seventies and eighties. (Wine drinkers, be warned: He takes the piss out of your kind.)

THE JOY OF MIXOLOGY

A legendary barkeep and widely published writer, Gary Regan—mentor to hundreds of bartenders, cocktail competition judge, and longtime drinks columnist—is an ideal booze Yoda. Though written as a professional guide, this book works for anyone hoping to up their mixology game. The way it pulls back the curtain on Regan's world will enrich your convivial nights out. Plus, the author shares recipes, including for his esteemed margarita.

DRINKING WITH MEN

Rosie Schaap, daughter of the late sportswriter Dick Schaap, sister to ESPN's Jeremy, is a Brooklyn bartender, terrific writer, and lover of a good pub. Here she serves up an engaging, artfully written memoir focused on the intersection of her life with bar culture from the time she could drink. She shares stories, sketches portraits of regulars, and celebrates some of her favorite watering holes from Dublin to L.A. to New York.

I HOPE THEY SERVE BEER IN HELL

"My name is Tucker Max and I am an asshole." So began this 2006 best-seller by a womanizing, bar-hopping dude smart enough to attend the U of Chicago and Duke Law. Max turned tales of guzzling, fucking, mocking posers and twits, and all-around drunken jackassery into a publishing gravy train that's sold two million copies. Beer him!

THE LOST WEEKEND

Made into an Oscar-winning movie by Billy Wilder of *Some Like It Hot* fame, this 1944 novel, written by booze-addicted Charles Jackson, scandalized readers with its tale of an epic bender by an alcoholic New York writer. In one famous scene, our hero Don trudges 60 blocks to pawn his typewriter, only to find the shop closed. Think *Leaving Las Vegas* without the call girl, and with a fall down stairs instead of into a poolside glass table.



BLACKOUT

For years, Texas writer Sarah Hepola got loaded and slept with men she'd just met, barely or not at all remembering how she got in their beds. Blonde, pretty, smart, and witty, she was a party girl—until she realized it was destroying her life. This critically acclaimed 2015 memoir, like *Drinking With Men*, explores life in bars, but from a very different perspective.

PROOF

Named a 2014 best science book by multiple publications, *Proof*, by *Wired* editor Adam Rogers, pops a top on the "science of booze." Get your liquor geek on as the entertaining author hits laboratories, distilleries, wineries, and more, decanting insights from chemistry, metallurgy, neurobiology, psychology, and other relevant fields. In the hangover chapter, we learn Rogers's technical term for the 23 percent of us who don't get hung: "Jerks."

THE SUN ALSO RISES

Ernest Hemingway's breakthrough 1926 novel of Paris, Spain, bullfighting, lust, journalism, friendship, and Americans abroad also features a mind-blowing amount of drinking. Characters raise a glass (or squirt wine from a goatskin bag) more than 800 times. They down beer, punch, champagne, absinthe, cognac, liqueurs, and a couple

barrels of wine. Everyone's lit, all the time. Do not attempt a drinking game with Papa's masterpiece!

THE DRUNKEN BOTANIST

This best-selling 2013 book illuminates alcohol and mixology in the freshest of ways. It explores the herbs, flowers, fruits, trees, and fungi that for thousands of years have been our sources for beer, wine, spirits, and other drinks. Author, gardener, and horticultural blogger Amy Stewart tells of the eureka moments, the trial and error, the craft behind the creation of our beloved gin, sake, and bourbon. Lively and funny, nothing if not enthusiastic, Stewart says a trip to a liquor store just fills her head with origin stories.

DRINK

Perhaps you've heard of beer towers: colossal plastic cylinders filled with well over a hundred fluid ounces of lager, ale, what have you. This brilliant book—all 560 pages of it—is the hooch-lit equivalent of a beer tower. Iain Gately surveys the whole history of booze, from its start 8,000 years ago, through the Mayans and their pulque, all the way to Budweiser's Spuds McKenzie. Subtitled "A Cultural History," the account even covers the world's most famous drinkers and drinks. So belly up and start reading. *Salud!* 🍻

FIELD REVERSALS

THE CRAZY YO-YO OF NFL QUARTERBACKING.

BY PHIL HANRAHAN

WHEN you write a sports book about a team's previous season, as I did in 2009, telling the story of the 2008 Green Bay Packers, you have to make judgments about players that get set into the cement of printed pages and which later, depending on how the players do career-wise, can make you feel lucky, or dumb as hell.

I got lucky with quarterback Aaron Rodgers (perhaps you've heard of him), and wide receiver Jordy Nelson. Rodgers replaced living-legend Brett Favre in 2008, and though neither he nor the team had an especially great season (Rodgers threw 13 interceptions, a career high through 2017; the Pack went 6-10), the former Golden Bear displayed lightning footwork, moments of uncanny accuracy, a quick brain, and a cannon disguised as a human arm that saw him launching the rock on 60-yard arcs to receivers running go-routes.

Even in 2008, Rodgers had games that incinerated the reports of those NFL scouts who looked at his college work and concluded he "lacked arm strength" and "couldn't throw the long ball"—these are actual quotes—and warned if you drafted him you'd be signing a dink-and-dunker with weird mechanics who'd never be more than a game "manager."

But it turned out the guy taking over for a very disgruntled Favre—the guy whose story-in-the-making had me move from L.A. to Green Bay in summer 2008—possessed signal-caller skills so elite that Aaron Charles Rodgers now comes up anytime football observers start discussing the greatest quarterbacks in the history of the game.

So I got lucky. We put Favre on the cover of the hardcover edition, because everyone on the fucking planet practically had heard his name by 2009, not least after the months-long *retirement-unretirement-revenge-will-be-mine* soap opera that ended up with the Ol' Gunslinger playing for the New York Jets (wha??). But for the paperback edition? Buyers of the book were greeted with a photo of the Californian, future boyfriend of Olivia Munn, and I got to write a new afterword covering the Packers' 2011 Super Bowl win.

Jordy Nelson caught nine passes for 140 yards in that 31-25

victory over Ben Roethlisberger's Pittsburgh Steelers, setting a new Packers receiving record that had stood since Max McGee racked up 138 yards in Super Bowl I. Speaking of covers, *Sports Illustrated* ran a shot of Rodgers and Nelson doing an aerial shoulder-bump on the front of the mag in its postgame issue. I got lucky with Jordy, too. (I feel like I can call him by his first name because halfway through the 2008 season I drove to his tiny farm town of Leonardville, Kansas, and watched a Packers-Titans game on TV with his mom, friends, grandparents, Little League coach, high school chemistry teacher, and others, gathered in Nelson's Landing, a sports bar Jordy's parents, farmers by day, had opened in town.)

Nelson was a rookie that year, the Packers' first pick in the draft. I devoted a chapter to him. He could have sucked. A lot of Cheeseheads and national prognosticators more or less predicted him to suck, or be average at best. I had some doubts myself. But "the Hick from the Sticks," as an unkind Great Plains football writer once called him during his record-smashing Kansas State career, has ended up kicking total ass as a Green Bay Packer.

But I'm stupid in my book, too. I basically called Alex Smith—the quarterback who went No. 1 in the 2005 draft, 23 spots ahead of Rodgers—a bust. Except then in 2011 Smith led the 49ers to a divisional crown and their first conference championship appearance since 1997. After being traded to the Kansas City Chiefs in 2013, he led KC to a playoff appearance and was elected to his first Pro Bowl. In 2015, Smith spearheaded the Chiefs' 11-game winning streak and their first playoff victory since 1994.

And in 2017? He started the season throwing four touchdowns for 368 yards as the Chiefs stomped the defending Super Bowl champion New England Patriots 42-27.

But life comes at you fast in the NFL. As I write, Smith is coming off some bad games and the article-negging has begun. *Is the Alex Smith Era Over?* one of them asks.

And that's the point. The National Football League is an up-and-down experience for most players, and the quarterback position especially is a freakin' yo-yo.

And the year of our lord 2017? It was like God himself was handling that yo-yo, spooling it out, reeling it up, *snap*,



snap, snap, with a revolving lineup of QBs pinned to the toy. The aforementioned Roethlisberger? On October 8, he became only the seventh quarterback in 20 years to throw five interceptions and no touchdowns in a game. He posted a hideous 37.8 quarterback rating. And Pittsburgh lost to Jacksonville 30-9.

"Maybe I don't have it anymore," Big Ben said after the game.

One reporter present said Roethlisberger was being sarcastic. Others contended the Steelers stalwart truly did seem shaken by self-doubt. At any rate, it was a moot point—because Big Ben began dominating again, and the Steelers piled up Ws.

Outhouse to the penthouse (heh). Case Keenum knows all about that journey. Collegiate superstar. Undrafted in 2012. Signed by the Texans. Waived by the Texans. Signed by the Rams. Waived by the Rams. More address shuttling. Back with the Rams, he posted a perfect 158 rating in a 2015 game. He was benched the next year. Became a Viking in 2017. Took over after Sam Bradford went down. And all Keenum did then was rip off that "journeyman" sign and lead streaking Minnesota to six straight wins.

His last victory as this issue goes to press? Against his old team, the L.A. Rams. The QB nobody wanted beat the guy who

replaced him, wunderkind Jared Goff.

And did I mention that on this same football weekend the Buffalo Bills benched their starting quarterback of the past couple seasons, Tyrod Taylor, went with rookie Nathan Peterman, and the newbie promptly threw four picks in 18 minutes, and a fifth INT for good measure just before halftime? Taylor was back taking snaps by quarter three.

It's one of the worst signal-caller debuts in NFL history.

Nobody knows anything. Screenwriter William Goldman once wrote that about Hollywood. It can sometimes seem the same way with judging quarterback talent. Brock Osweiler, anyone? Arguably the most quarterback-starved team in league annals, the Cleveland Browns passed on Carson Wentz when they could have picked him in 2016.

And now Wentz, playing for the Philadelphia Eagles, looks like the next Tom Brady. Or the next Aaron Rodgers. But of course I might regret typing this. Or not. ☹️➡️

*Phil Hanrahan is the author of *Life After Favre: The Green Bay Packers and Their Fans Usher in the Aaron Rodgers Era*. A lifelong Cheesehead, he is currently writing a book set in western Ireland that has nothing to do with football, cheese, or quarterbacking.*

DOUBLE FIST

ARMAGNAC & CALVADOS

ARMAGNAC

Similar to Cognac in that it's made from grape spirit, Armagnac is brandy's dodgy uncle, who always shows up late and doesn't mind a bit of a party. On a Wednesday. At 10 A.M. Where Cognac is refined and elegant, using only the "heart" of the spirit before aging, Armagnac producers deliberately leave a small amount of the impurities from distillation to give the final product more character and depth. Generally considered more rustic, it's a connoisseur's drink, with warm, earthy characteristics and a lot more spice on the finish than Cognac. "It's a proper boy's drink. Cognac is elegant but Armagnac lets you know that you're having a fucking drink," says professional sommelier and avid drinker Max Gürtler.

Delord is the biggest name in Armagnac, and the 1963 vintage is the best place to start. While they release much cheaper expressions and non-vintages, too, this example is about as good as Armagnac gets and is a fantastic demonstration of what flavors you can get from a lengthy aging process. At around \$300, you can do a lot worse.

CALVADOS

If Armagnac is brandy's dodgy uncle, Calvados is its hot daughter. Like, really fucking hot. Made from apples and pears in Normandy, it's as fragrant a spirit as you'll ever meet and might be the most delicious shit you've never heard of. It's also not too expensive, making it a necessary addition to your liquor cabinet. Seriously. Get a bottle now.

This 2000 Domfrontais vintage from Victor Gontier is made with at least 30 percent pears, making it a lighter, slightly sweeter spirit than Cognac or brandy. Victor's dad François was the guy who pioneered the Domfrontais appellation, and this was their first release under this label, which is somehow still available. Ripe pear, poaching spices, and a lengthy finish make this a veritable delight. "Drink it neat, drink it all fucking night," says Gürtler.



libido | noun | li-bi-do

- 1: A person's desire to have sex.
- 2: Instinctual psychic energy that in psychoanalytic theory is derived from primitive biological urges (as for sexual pleasure or self-preservation) and that is expressed in conscious activity.





POWER DRINK

HER NAME WAS BRANDY...

BRANDY gets a bad rap. Whether it's the perception that it's an old man's drink or the fact that daggy 90s rappers flaunted it like it was going out of fashion, we think it's time to turn all that on its head.

"Brandy is for everyone," says Australian beverage enthusiast Charlie Lehmann. "It's just like whiskey or tequila, they all have cheap and expensive in their range. Just thank fuck it's not vodka."

One of our favorite yet lesser known tipples here at *Penthouse* is the occasional glass or two of the good stuff, so we thought it was about time we introduced you to the wonderful world of this elusive spirit and its siblings.



MARTELL XO

A GREAT PLACE TO START, MARTELL HAS BEEN PRODUCING SOME OF THE BEST BRANDY IN THE WORLD SINCE 1715, AND IS ONE OF THE OLDEST COGNAC HOUSES IN EXISTENCE. THE XO IS A CLASSIC EXPRESSION OF WHAT EXTRA OLD COGNAC SHOULD BE, WITH A SUBTLE BALANCE OF SWEETNESS AND HEAT ON THE FRONT PALATE, GREAT MOUTHFEEL, AND A LENGTHY FINISH. AT AROUND \$180 A BOTTLE, IT WON'T BREAK THE BANK.

ST AGNES XO GRAND RESERVE 40 YEAR OLD

THIS ONE'S FROM RENMARK, SOUTH AUSTRALIA, AND IS ONE OF THE BEST SPIRITS THE COUNTRY PRODUCES. FORTY YEARS IS A BLOODY LONG TIME FOR A BRANDY, AND THE \$530 PRICE TAG IS REFLECTIVE OF ITS SUPREME QUALITY. THIS ONE IS FOR A SPECIAL OCCASION, LIKE A 40TH BIRTHDAY.



REMY MARTIN LOUIS XIII

THIS IS THE KING OF COGNACS, AND ONE OF THE MOST FAMOUS OF ALL TIME. BACK WHEN TOM CRUISE LOST HIS BET TO BRYAN BROWN IN COCKTAIL, A BOTTLE WOULD SET YOU BACK \$500 (ACCORDING TO THE SCRIPT). NOW IT'S AROUND THE \$3,500 MARK, A PRETTY PENNY FOR SOMETHING THAT'S GOING TO GET YOU SAUCED. TRY IT AT LEAST ONCE IN YOUR LIFETIME.



BRANDY FACTS:

- Cognac is a type of brandy, favored for its color, taste, and heritage.
- Cognac is named after the town where it originates, in central France.
- Brandy is made from distilling white wine, ideally aged in oak casks from Limousin.
- It's controlled by strict appellation laws, making the production process and distribution more expensive than other spirits.
- Brandy can be made anywhere, but Cognac must come from...you guessed it, Cognac.
- Rappers seriously love this shit. Like, really love it.

CHARLIE LEHMANN'S recommended serves ("Big, boozy drinks that'll smack you on the ass!"):

- Brandy & tonic: "Good way to start—it's a banger."
- Sazerac: brandy, rye whiskey, sugar, Peychaud's bitters, absinthe
- Vieux Carré: brandy, rye whiskey, sweet vermouth, DOM Benedictine, Peychaud's and Angostura bitters
- Sidecar: brandy, Cointreau, lemon, sugar 〇十画

BACKYARD BABE



Our January Pet of the Month Alex De La Flor is always willing to lend a hand. Whether it's helping with the flower garden, shinning up your Harley or cleaning the garage, she is ready and willing. Did we mention she takes on all chores nude? No man has ever been mad about a naked girl on his work bench. We are never kicking her out of the garage.

Photography: Gerald De Behr

























PENTHOUSE

ALEX DE LA FLOR   JANUARY 2018 PET OF THE MONTH

PENTHOUSE

GISELLE PALMER



FEBRUARY 2018 PET OF THE MONTH



PET OF THE MONTH

THE WAY YOU LOOK TONIGHT



Our February Pet of Month Giselle Palmer is a classic beauty with classic taste. She loves glamorous lingerie, champagne, roses and Frank Sinatra. Seriously! She played his entire discography during our shoot and cooed along with the legendary singer. Now you know exactly what to surprise her with for Valentine's Day.

Photography: Gerald De Behr























WET AND MESSY

BY JENNY NORDBAK

I WAS being punished. Usually, in my line of work, that meant I was bent over something having my ass beaten with a leather implement, but in this case the punishment was subtler. I had chosen dinner with my boyfriend's parents over attending my girlfriend's art show...and now she was going to make me suffer for it. The torturous, delicious kind of suffering.

The weekend after the art-show incident, Erin had initiated a sploshing scene with a mutual male friend, Derek, when we were all at her house for a play party. Sploshing—a form of erotic food play—was an Erin specialty and one of my favorites, so it quickly became clear that this was a performance intended for me.

She had begun by sitting naked on a cake and then proceeded to smear the frosting across her perfectly smooth skin. She invited Derek to assist her, but held eye contact with me as his strong hands slid up and over her plump breasts, stopping to gently tease her nipples. She tossed her head back and moaned, but I knew it was for show. She hated it when anyone was gentle with her nipples. My fingers twitched with the urge to step in and give her what I knew she really wanted, but I sat back and smiled when she looked at me again with fire in her eyes. She was trying to make me jealous, but I was mostly just turned-on. If she wasn't going to let me participate, I was simply going to enjoy the show.

Derek continued exploring her body, dipping to the generous curves of her ass to retrieve more frosting before sliding up and around her hips. His tongue followed his fingers, licking lightly across her stomach and up to her breast. He turned her around and dragged his tongue down her spine. As he reached the dimples on her lower back that I loved so much, he bent her over, parted her cheeks with his hands, and pressed his face between them. I couldn't see what he was doing, but from the way Erin was crying out and touching herself, he was definitely licking her ass. And she was loving it. Gone were the carefully rehearsed reactions from earlier. He was driving her wild.

Now that she had icing smeared across most of her naked body, and was panting with lust, she rose to her knees and handed Derek a bottle of chocolate sauce as he stood in front of her. He poured the dark liquid over her chest and shoulders,

allowing it to slowly cascade over the planes of her stomach and hips, until it dripped down between her legs. I knew she would have heated it up before the scene, so she was reveling in the feel of the warm tendrils of chocolate snaking their way across her pussy and thighs.

Erin took the bottle from Derek, but stayed on her knees before him, drizzling chocolate syrup all over his erection. She took her time licking the length of it before working it into her mouth. The guy's dick was magnificent, and watching it slide between my girlfriend's lips was hot. The fact that she was looking me in the eye as she did it made it painfully erotic.

Derek was obviously trying to be a gentleman and keep it out of her throat to prevent her from choking, but Erin didn't suck cock like a lady. She left messy handprints on his ass as she grabbed him and pulled him toward her, drawing him deeper into her throat. He took the hint and began fucking her face. She pulled back for air briefly, coughing as strings of drool ran down her chin to mix with the sugary concoction that already covered her. She immediately went back to sucking his dick, gagging slightly, but continuing to open her throat for his use.

He wasn't going to last long. It was only a few more thrusts before he moaned and held her head still against his groin. She was struggling for air, but didn't protest as he came in her throat. She swallowed and then made a show of licking the remaining chocolate off his still impressive dick.

The end of Erin's sploshing scenes usually involved her holding a cherry against her clit and enticing her partner to consume it and ultimately get her off. Derek didn't seem bothered that he was the only one who had achieved orgasm as he jumped in the pool to rinse off, but I was surprised that Erin wasn't speaking up. I was irritated on her behalf, and more than a little disappointed I wasn't going to get to watch the finale of this marvelous show.

Then she winked at me as she announced she was heading for the shower, and glanced meaningfully at a jar of cherries on the counter. She had saved the best part of dessert for me after all. It seemed I was forgiven for missing her art show. Or I would be....

Jenny Nordbak is a retired dominatrix and author of The Scarlet Letters: My Secret Year of Men in an L.A. Dungeon.



THE TORTURED LIFE OF AN OUTLAW WRITER

FROM SANTA BARBARA RICH KID TO CARTEL DRUG DEALER TO STRUNG-OUT JUNKIE TO FEDERAL PRISONER TO BEST-SELLING NOVELIST, RYAN LEONE IS READY TO MOVE PAST HIS ILLICIT NOTORIETY.

BY SETH FERRANTI

RYAN Leone is a serial fuckup whose specialties are prison, drug addiction, alcoholism, and knucklehead-itis. In his 32 years of life, he's had 21 stints in drug rehab and been incarcerated 17 times. His parents have spent close to \$500K on treatment centers and attorneys. In fact, Leone just fired the high-profile attorney he'd retained for the latest charges he's facing: pimping and pandering. It's a case in which even the alleged prostitute told police, "Leone's not a pimp." But that hardly matters, as the prosecution seems intent on burying the ex-con.

Instead of pleading guilty to the charges, Leone is considering taking the case to trial—always a gamble with our criminal justice system, where everything is tilted in the prosecution's favor, as they weave whatever version of the truth they need to win the case.

And no, Leone's not a pimp. The California native is actually a talented writer/producer who's starting to make waves not only with his own personal story of addiction and incarceration, but with his impressive writing chops, superb networking skills, and amazing ability to make a project come together.

But none of that fucking matters if he ends up back in prison.

LEONE'S 2014 junkie novel, *Wasting Talent*, which he wrote during a four-year stint in prison, has been optioned by Will De Los Santos (writer/producer of the 2002 film *Spun*), rechristened *Love in Vein*, and is currently in

development with indie producing giant Chris Hanley's Muse Productions (*American Psycho*, *Buffalo '66*). Nick Stahl (*Bully*, *Terminator 3*) has been cast in the lead role, with De Los Santos slated to direct.

"Ryan reached out to me," De Los Santos tells *Penthouse*. "I didn't know him nor had I ever even heard of him. He thought I would be the perfect person to make his novel into a movie as he was a big fan of *Spun*."

Seems he was right. The director read Leone's novel and was blown away.

"[It's] such a wild ride," he says. "It really captivated me with the poetry in how he told the story. Ryan was very persistent on having me do it, so we [made a] deal for me to adapt the novel into a screenplay and direct the film."

Known for his own crazy, drug-fueled past (*Spun* was semi-autobiographical, after all), De Los Santos could easily identify with Leone's story. "He's a bit mercurial and sometimes very out of control," the screenwriter says, "but I can relate to him because oftentimes he reminds me of a younger version of myself."

In 2008, at age 23, Ryan Leone was indicted for his involvement with the Mendoza clan, an international drug cartel based out of Mexico. He wasn't a big-time player or anything, just a cog in the machine. But he violated the drug dealer's number one rule: Don't get high on your own supply. The author went to jail, wrote his book longhand and on prison computers, earned his release, and came to the attention of Hollywood.

Leone's story is hot. In addition to the movie adaption of *Wasting Talent*, there's also a documentary about Leone's



chaotic life currently in production. Penned by *Fight Club* screenwriter Jim Uhls, *Idiot Savant: The Savage Life of Ryan Leone* is being helmed by first-time director Zack Warren, former head of content for Havoc TV and founder of Wingtip Media.

"I'm interested in the story of the addict because it has so many dimensions to it," says Uhls. "And with Ryan, there's the element of talent. He seems to have a life that's had the rise of talent and the rise of addiction at the same time, and it's a battle. Just as soon as the talent side rises, the addiction rises up and slaps down the talent. Sometimes the talent side rises and slaps down the addiction, so it's just an incredible internal struggle."

Director Warren explains that he was fascinated by Leone's story because "you wouldn't expect a white kid from Santa Barbara, with all the access in the world, to become a drug kingpin, reform himself in prison, come back out, get a movie deal, and then [face] going back to prison. [It's] just so opposite from what we're used to."

With our insatiable appetite for true crime, prison, and

addiction tales, Leone's saga—which encompasses all three of those things—is tailor-made for the streaming networks. In their documentary, Warren and Uhls want to shed light on two dueling problems that America is dealing with right now: mass incarceration and how we treat addicts.

"Another long stretch locked up for meeting an escort in AA and trying to essentially do an act of service," Warren says of Leone's latest charge. "I understand to most normal-minded people that might sound nuts, but that's the world he lived in and the people that he was surrounded by due to the way we treat addiction in our society. He's just trying to be considerate and caring to someone who's going through something similar. You wrap all of that up into a little bow, you know, and he's going back to prison. It really makes no sense. This guy has been to over 21 rehabs, and prison isn't the answer to every problem. And that's part of the story we will tell."

For the past 17 years, Leone has struggled with both heroin and alcohol, though he says he's clean now, and focused for the first time in his life. But with the latest



LEONE'S LIKE THAT COOL SKATER KID IN HIGH SCHOOL WHO ALWAYS HAD THE BEST DRUGS, THE BEST GIRLS, AND ALWAYS KNEW WHERE THE RAGERS WERE AT. BUT ONCE HE WAS HEADED IN THE WRONG DIRECTION, THINGS JUST SEEMED TO SNOWBALL.

pimping and pandering charges it seems like he just can't get out of his own way. He maintains his innocence, but he's facing a three-year mandatory minimum. To complicate matters, Leone's girlfriend, Karina Franco, is expecting their first child.

With the legal case looming, along with the likelihood he'll be missing the birth of his son, Leone has shifted into overdrive, maturing rapidly while trying to come to grips with not just the possibilities life holds for him, but also the current predicament he finds himself drowning in. As the consequences of his past actions meet head-on with his future self, Leone is doing his best to walk the line, despite a whirlwind of conflicting developments that will either make or break him.

GROWING up comfortably in idyllic Santa Barbara, one of the most picturesque coastal towns on the planet, didn't stop Ryan Leone from jabbing a shiv into his own life.

A true son of Southern California, Leone cuts a striking figure with his muscled, tattooed torso and dark-haired good looks. He's like that cool skater kid in high school who

always had the best drugs, the best girls, and always knew where the ragers were at. But once he was headed in the wrong direction, things just seemed to snowball.

"I was raised in a loving and safe family," Leone remembers. "All of my major problems were self-imposed and I'm not sure where they came from."

Not only was his childhood free of any ill treatment, Leone says his parents provided unwavering support, which came with opportunities that more deserving kids from rougher neighborhoods would have killed for.

Leone started experimenting with drugs the summer after junior high. At first, he says, it was just over-the-counter meds, weed, and booze—but before long he graduated to LSD and cocaine.

Using and abusing from early on, Leone was kicked out of three different schools for drug-related offenses, and his parents sent him away to various programs for troubled teens. Nothing worked. Then came the inevitable turning point.

"I was 17 the first time I tried heroin," Leone says. "I was dating a 21-year-old college student who was also a coke

dealer. She turned me on to black-tar heroin, and I started smoking it first. I was a full-blown heroin addict by my junior year of high school."

It's the one drug Leone says he regrets getting involved with. Smack ignited a tumultuous on-again-off-again love affair that's persisted for over half his life. Not only has it killed many of his peers, it has drastically affected his health, sent him to prison multiple times, and reduced an inherently blessed person to homelessness and suicidal despair at points.

"The lies, the mistruths, the aberrant behavior," says Frank Leone, Ryan's father. "There's no question that [we've] had to deal with these issues for over 17 years. Ryan at his worst is someone who can't follow rules. We are only a three-person family—my wife of 37 years, myself, and Ryan. Obviously it's been very difficult for us to have him [either] under the influence, far away at a rehab facility, or incarcerated somewhere. I wake up at 2:30 in the morning envisioning him locked up in a little cage somewhere hundreds of miles away."

The elder Leone continues, "At his best, Ryan is a very nice person. A nonviolent person. A very gentle person.

He's sober now, which is very encouraging. But beyond that, he's had a hard time with this disease. I'm one of those people that has never met a problem I couldn't solve. I have total self-confidence when dealing with things. I dealt with Ryan's addiction for four and a half years and couldn't make a dent. I met my match."

...
IN between bouts of addiction, Leone has locked in on his writing and been extremely productive. Considering all that he's endured, self-inflicted or otherwise, that's an achievement in itself, and offers a sense of what's to come. If he can just get with the program, keep his head screwed on straight, and avoid squandering opportunities as he's done in the past, he might have a chance at real, lasting success.

The sabotaging of good fortune began years ago. In 2003, Leone scored a prestigious writing internship outside Boston. But it was then, in his spare time, when he started snorting China White.

"The program gave me an \$80 stipend each week and I would spend it all on powder heroin," Leone recalls. "One snowy night, I was dope sick and there was nobody on the street that I normally bought from. I asked a black guy I'd never bought from because he was the only dealer [out there]. The guy made me follow him into the alley."

Leone thought the dude was hopped up on PCP or crack because his eyes were bloodshot, he was perspiring, and he seemed hyper-paranoid. After selling him the heroin, the guy took out a gun, accused Leone of being a cop, and insisted he shoot up right there. The Californian told him he'd never used needles, but the dealer wasn't having it. He cooked up the smack and stuck the needle into one of Leone's veins. From that night forward, it's been an epic, junk-filled journey.

And part of that journey has involved arrest after arrest, from the rinky-dink to the kind that gets you put away for months into years.

"My first criminal arrest as an adult was for ditching a bill at a local IHOP," Leone remembers. "I got informal probation for that. I was arrested for a misdemeanor battery after that and sentenced to a year in county jail. I ended up serving the full thing because of dirty urine. When I was 20, I got a felony possession in Florida and served seven months."

Then there was the bust for dealing on behalf of the Mendoza clan, which got him a five-year sentence in federal lockup for conspiracy to distribute heroin.

Leone served some of that time at a violent, gang-dominated prison in Victorville, California. But he got through that and served his last two years at a more benign federal correctional institute in Oxford, Wisconsin. Then, on a recent DUI violation, Leone did three months at California's notorious Lompoc penitentiary, which houses gang leaders, mafioso, cartel members, and straight-up killers.

Leone admits he was scared the first time he went to prison. And who wouldn't be? Everyone's heard the horror stories.

When he went to FCI Victorville at age 23, he was exposed to violence on an almost daily basis. He was rubbing elbows with inmates ready to brutalize or worse with little provocation. "I'd say that prison was worse than what I was expecting," Leone says, "because popular culture fails to convey the worst parts of the prison experience."

Leone got into a fistfight his first week at Victorville and learned how to carry himself accordingly. It was *get mine or be mine*. He also learned that it paid to have a

makeshift prison shank always at the ready. He remembers constantly being in debt over drugs, gambling, and tobacco. He shared needles shooting up, radicalized his politics, and began to really question the government.

"One of the worst atrocities about prison is that the guards treat inmates like they're less than human," he recalls. "In most federal prisons the quality of life is incredibly subpar. It was tragic to see nonviolent drug offenders treated with such barbaric disregard."

Leone also discovered the truth about our country's war on drugs: that our society warehouses the drug addicts and mentally ill as some sort of convenient societal antidote. It's a model that perpetuates the cyclical entrapment of stigmatization and social immobility. Addicts are punished more severely than sex offenders.

"The first time I got clean," he remembers, "I'd been an intravenous heroin addict for over a decade. I was on the last calendar stretch of a four-year term in federal prison for selling heroin. I was sent to solitary confinement as punishment for a positive-opiate urine screening. I was stripped of all of the simple conduits of emotional warmth—literature, music, art, and, most painfully, human companionship. I spent 60 days alone and had a powerful and cathartic experience."

In those two months of isolation and silence, Leone was forced to examine his life from new and hyperaware vantage points. He stayed completely abstinent from drugs and alcohol for three years afterward. But his entire socialization had been constructed in the shadows of the drug world. Leone never learned how to deal with rejection, loss, relationships, or success without the insulated buffer of escape. Relapse was inevitable.

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WHEN Ryan Leone met Karina Franco they were both heavy drinkers—and hiding it from people they loved because they were supposed to be sober. They enabled each other, and soon they were downing half a gallon of whiskey a day. But the day they found out Franco was pregnant, they quit the booze.

"His addiction problem is probably what limits him in life," Franco says. "I don't even believe that he's reached his full potential yet, because he's so talented and gifted. His addiction to drugs and alcohol always seems to get him in trouble and hold him back in life. And it's sad, really. It can just take over his life, where he gets a case of the *fuck-its* and doesn't care."

"I've never known Ryan without the chaos, the extreme

ups and downs," says Tony O'Neill, Ryan's writing partner and author of the best-selling book, *Down and Out on Murder Mile*. "It's partly why I can relate to him so much—he makes sense to me in a way that another writer and friend might not. Success or failure for Ryan doesn't depend on him getting clean or becoming a choir boy, it depends on him staying alive, staying out of prison, and not shortchanging his muse. The dream is that enough people continue to read and support his stuff so he can survive off his art, do right by his family, and, just as importantly, look at himself in the mirror and be at peace with the person looking back."

O'Neill thinks that Leone is unfortunate in the way of all drug users these days, living in an era when drug use is viewed as a crime, addicts are treated like criminals, and punishments are stiff. "One day we're going to look back on the post-Nixon drug-war era with the same mix of incredulity and horror that people today look back on the days of slavery," he says.

Author and musician O'Neill goes on to point out, though, that the drug and alcohol issues that have caused so much trouble in Leone's life have also uncovered the raw material fueling his friend's powerful stories.





"You can't start unpacking different aspects of someone's personality and wondering what they would be like if they didn't have this or that personality trait," O'Neill reflects. "All of it is hopelessly intertwined. You could go back in time and remove the gene that makes Ryan an addict and you would keep him out of prison for sure, but you might find he's turned out to be an accountant living in Orange County with 2.5 kids, you know?"

As for Leone's own take on where he's at, personally and professionally, he says he's done using drugs, and that he's ready to take his career seriously once and for all.

"I fucked up so many parts of my life and I'm not proud of that," he says. "I'm gonna make certain I'm the best father I can possibly be. It's hard to let down the people who care about me the most. Karina getting pregnant changed everything. It gave me a sense of purpose and an unmatched ambition. I'm the most focused and driven I've

been in my entire life."

Franco shares Leone's optimism about what's to come. "I think that he's just tired of fucking up," she says. "He's over it. He's more mature now and he's growing up. Like, finally, it's clicking in his head. I just think he's exhausted with facing the things that are setting him back in life."

The proof will be in the doing. Will Ryan Leone be able to keep his demons sufficiently at bay to realize his creative potential? It won't be easy, but if he succeeds, it will be the result of vigilant, concerted effort sustained over an extended period and put forth, as they say in recovery, one day at a time. ^{OTM}

Seth Ferranti is a former federal prisoner whose writings have been featured on VICE, Don Diva, and Gorilla Convict. He's also the author of the crime series Street Legends, and the comic series Crime Comix.

HOT LINES

BY LEAH MCSWEENEY

REBOUND WITH CARE

Hi Leah. Several weeks ago I ended a ten-year relationship with someone I should've never been involved with. I recently met a woman and would love to give a great first impression. I'm attracted to her both physically and mentally. She has a seven-year-old child and isn't married. I really don't want to blow it, because I can see definite relationship material here. Any advice? Thanks! Jim

"Several weeks" doesn't seem like a good amount of time to give yourself after a ten-year relationship before jumping into a new one! This sounds like it's a rebound. And even if it's not, you must proceed with caution. This woman has a child—and take it from someone with a ten-year-old daughter, I don't bring ANYONE around my kid. You need to take it very slow. And don't be a dick. That's the main thing. I know it's hard for you guys to not be dicks, but try your best! You are most likely not healed at all from this ten-year relationship that sounds like it was a nightmare. I totally get it, though. Just like they say, the best way to get over someone is to get under someone. And it works...temporarily. But don't forget who is on the receiving end of it. Don't be selfish, Jim!!

DATE RUST

Hey, I guess I'm sort of looking to get back into the dating game but really don't know how. When I was in college it was so easy, I didn't have to try, but now it just seems kinda hard. Maybe because I'm grown up now and know what I want and am being picky. Just not sure.

Okay, you sound very indecisive. Are you sure you know what you want? If you did then it probably wouldn't be so hard to get back in the dating game. I don't even know how to answer this question. Maybe go on Tinder or Match? Bumble? And go out on some dates. Brush your teeth, shower, wear something non-douchey, and be yourself. That's how you date. A lot of girls are DTF on first dates and only want sex, you know... cuz it's 2018. So be sure to bring condoms. Hope that helps!

DIALING DOWN

Dear Bipolar Twin, please share some techniques you use

when you are hypomanic to calm down. I do yoga, exercise regularly, and I eat well. I'm so tired of taking benzos that aren't even doing anything. Also, can you share what calms you down when you are on the depressed and irritable side of bipolar type 2? Like, when you are so depressed you want to kill anyone who talks to you. Have you tried Chinese medicine? I need alternatives because nothing works for me and I'm trying not to lose my shit. P.S. Anything help your sex drive? I haven't fucked in a month and have no desire. I don't drink and I don't use recreational drugs. Maybe I need to masturbate more? Help! Love u gurl, Christine

Hi honey! Oh, man...yeah, being crazy is definitely a job. So I usually just go with my hypomania and try to use it productively. Like, write, organize my closet, paint my walls, have sex! But when I need to break from it I pop a Klonopin and take a nap. And usually when I wake up I'm better and calmer. I do yoga and eat well and all that, too, but sometimes you just need to knock yourself out.

Yes, the irritation/agitation part of BP2 is the worst. I am such a raging cunt when I'm feeling like this. Sometimes I color in a coloring book, go for a run, just take a break and change the scenery from whatever it is I'm doing. If you change your thoughts you can change the way you feel. So find something to focus on. That's why I like coloring.

As for my sex drive...I never have an issue so I don't know what to tell you! Viagra for women? Porn? Buy a new vibrator? Love you!

UNEASY LISTENING

Hey Leah. The girl I've been seeing for the last month listens to the worst fucking music. She's great in bed, has a solid job, and is really sweet. She can cook, too! But shit, her musical taste is the worst. I'm seriously thinking of breaking up with her because her music is so shitty. Have you ever either dumped a dude or turned a guy down because he listens to lousy music?

Hey Music Snob (JK). Maybe you should try to take her to some shows? Introduce her to music that you like? But



BRUSH YOUR TEETH, SHOWER, WEAR SOMETHING NON-DOUCHEY, AND BE YOURSELF. THAT'S HOW YOU DATE.

here's a thought: What if it's YOU that has the terrible taste in music? If a guy dumped me because of my LOVE for Britney, then he's not the one for me anyway. I want my man to buy me front-row tickets to Britney and also come with me and enthusiastically watch how excited I am! I think you're taking this way too seriously. You will die alone if you put so many rules on how perfect someone has to be for you to date.

YOU GOTTA BE CHOKING

Okay Leah, what's up with choking? I've now dated two guys who both want me to choke them during sex. I'm afraid of either leaving bruises around their necks, or some sort of accidental death situation. I can't help but think

they're damaged and need a woman to hurt or scare them to get off? I don't get it. I'm getting a little freaked out here.

Ugh, I would hate that. But then again I don't like to dominate during sex. At all. I mean, I'm sure they're both damaged because we are all damaged. You aren't uptight. I'm the same way. I'm kinda normz in bed. I just wanna be fucked right. Like, half passion, half porn. I don't want some dude asking me to choke them out! Cut these guys off and find you a man who wants to grip your neck lightly, not get choked out!! 

Leah McSweeney is founder and CEO of Married to the Mob clothing line and cohost of the podcast Improper Etiquette, with hip-hop radio personality Laura Stylez.



TWO GIRLS, ONE BENCH

Penthouse Pets Christiana Cinn and Charlotte Stokely may be dressed like they are on their way to Sunday sermon, but once the clothes come off all that squeaky clean, girl-next-door wholesomeness blows away with the wind. We're not sure how they managed to ravish each other on a wicker bench so tiny, but they made it look like one amazing roll in the hay. No Pets were harmed during this afternoon delight.















BOOZERS OF (SOME) RENOWN

A CELEBRATION OF NOT-QUITE-AS-FAMOUS-AS-WINSTON-CHURCHILL PROBLEM DRINKERS.

BY ZACHARY LIPEZ

WINSTON Churchill's massive consumption of alcohol is well-documented. And these days, given the seriousness with which we view problem drinking, few of us looking back at the Bulldog's boozing are all like, *Hip hip hooray, way to pound, Churchill!* That said, given the man's historic role in World War II, most of us might also lean toward cutting him some slack.

As drinkers go, this Brit got a lot done, on a big stage—as large as they come. Murderous racism and petty misogyny aside, Winston Churchill helped defeat Hitler and, according to my Twitter feed, at least 70 percent of us still dislike that bellowing, genocidal fascist. In a world of irony and gray zones, killing Nazis still counts for a lot, and even if revisionist killjoys are now trying to downplay the portly prime minister's Johnny Walker intake, Churchill's functional overseeing of an empire-in-decline staving off the one ideology that makes good guys of us all is a noble standard. Especially for those of us who think way too much about how to meet a simple deadline when the Adderall/whiskey balance has been misjudged.

But it's easy to praise famous men—they're famous, and even in contrarian times, there'll always be some hack historian willing to go on Charlie Rose and agree with you.

Drop down a notch or two from the world-historical figures, though, to men and women whose names we still know and who drank at epic, Churchillian levels—and who suffered from the debilitating disease of alcoholism—but nevertheless got the sausage made. Who will step forth and write glibly of their triumphs and pain, plumbing the depths of both cynicism and human fortitude, just to make rent? Well, I have two thumbs and by no small coincidence, I come before you, readers of *Penthouse*, as that guy.

WE have, as a society, largely dispensed with the myth that *suffering makes great art*. Entering into that change is the fact that most of us, even if we place considerable value on art, would rather have our loved ones happy(ish) and alive instead of following the more "romantic" course: a tortured creator battling the black dog

of despair, using ceaseless inner pain as raw material, heroically succeeding in leaving a cultural mark, and then kicking the bucket with more tumultuous creativity left untapped.

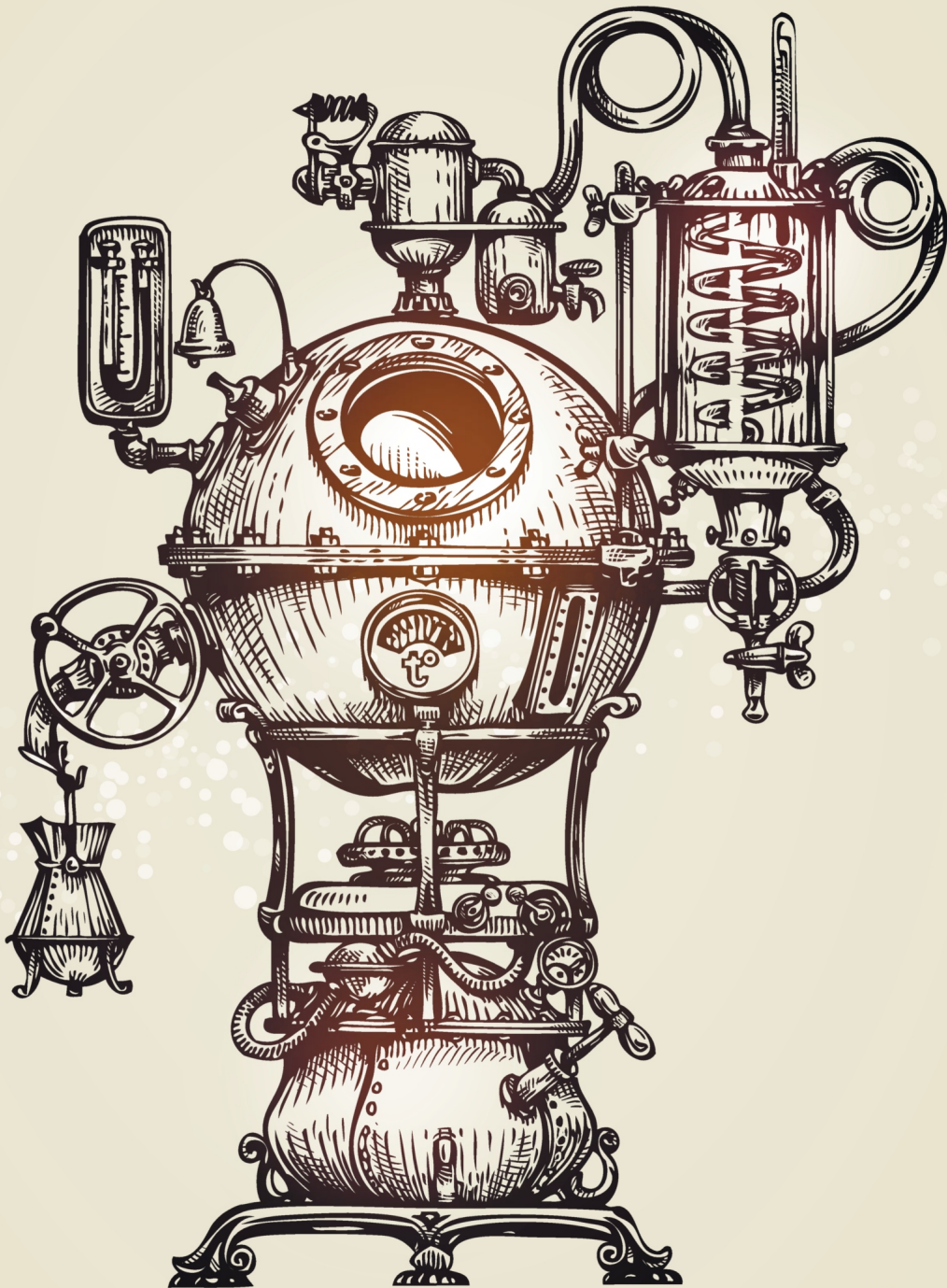
Or maybe we're still trying to figure out the exact point where a major artistic contribution validates, on some level, the time-tested ways creatives who carry lacerated souls through life drown their sorrows. Is there such a point? If so, where is it? Hell if I know. In my own life, I've met roughly an equal number of bores and geniuses inhabiting every part of the emotionally/chemically damaged spectrum. I've been tending bar for twenty years, however, and, to be honest, all of you guzzling patrons look alike. So I turn to history for this, my celebration of the Not-Quite-As-Famous-As-Winston-Churchill Problem Drinker.

■ ■ ■

WE begin with a poet, Englishman Philip Larkin, whose appalling attitudes on race and gender are often defended in the same way as Churchill's. "He was of his time," people say. Fuck that. We are wild and free and living in the now and can judge like we're getting paid for it (I am). But I love Larkin nonetheless. He was without a doubt a total creep and no one should spend a single second defending any aspect of that creepiness. Having said that, Larkin's reactionary politics and antiquated views, it seems to me, are rooted in a deeply held disdain for both humanity and himself—a disdain not unlike that of the best misanthropic hardcore singers.

"I hate everyone equally" is a tiresome trope of problematic artists and noise-scene nerds alike, and I'm not here to argue the dude deserves a statue, but I get it, the shade. Hater of literary parties, lover of drink, Larkin in his poetry grapples with changing social mores and our universal death terror better than many kinder poets of his generation.

"Aubade," his final great work, written before alcoholism and bitterness became his all, opens, "I work all day, and get half-drunk at night." And here's how it ends: "Meanwhile telephones crouch, getting ready to ring/ In locked-up offices, and all the uncaring/ Intricate rented world begins to rouse./ The sky is white as clay, with no sun./ Work has to be done./ Postmen like doctors go from house to house." It's the most penetrating consideration of our daily



existential fear that I know. Larkin was a guy who once, at a writerly function, decided he was wearing enough tweed and winter layers to safely piss himself without notice. He was incorrect, but even if all the man had written was doggerel, that boldness in the face of God and fabric absency would be enough to include him here. (As an owner of much corduroy, I look forward to the day I try the Larkin Method myself.)

■ ■ ■

LEAVING behind this politically sketchy British male, we move to another drunk poet, American, troubled, female, the fantastic Anne Sexton, who broke through in the sixties and took her own life in 1974. Sexton makes the list? Yes. True, her life was fucking sad. But it's bullshit that the Charles "Barfly" Bukowski types get to be role models for bad boyfriends everywhere, while a woman artist who hits the bottle always earns the label "tragic."

These ladies invariably get stuck with a Scarlet "T." (T for tragic. And scarlet like cabernet, pinot noir, or fucking merlot.) I'm not denying the traumas and brain chemistry issues, the bipolarity, that gave rise to Sexton's pain and made her life a living hell for the most part, but let's face it, messed-up women artists, historically, tend to get committed while their male counterparts get mythologized and sometimes even earn a statue.

And if Anne Sexton, observing from beyond, doesn't want to be in the company of the figures on this list, she can haunt me, her ghost. I'd welcome it, an artist that brilliant.

A pioneering confessional poet, writing about everything from depression to masturbation, Massachusetts-born Sexton, in terms that seem positively quaint now if no less offensive, was often accused of being attention-seeking. But WTF? Attention is great, it fills the void in us all for a moment, and it's easy for me to grok those driven to seek it. Despite the notoriety that did come eventually, though, she was always a dark, despairing drinker. And she boozed right up until the end, pouring a glass of vodka as she sat in her locked garage, rings removed from her fingers, car engine running, no one there to save the day.

Anne Sexton blazed badass trails. These days, confessional poetry—and prose narratives, and songwriting—is everywhere, and it's been that way for a few decades now. And I think we're better for it, artists opening a vein, sharing their innermost selves.

Goddamnit, people are interesting. I mean, when they are. And Sexton was. Her poem "Snow White and the Seven Dwarves" is unforgettable—a modern-poetry achievement I liken, in music, to Ian Curtis's searing 1979 Joy Division song "Love Will Tear Us Apart." That tune, written just a few months before he committed suicide, was sourced from Curtis's life. The singer let us into his soul. And yes, it was dark—pitch black. And it will live forever.

Shit, it looks like we're back to art and suffering. And I forgot to write a joke for this part. Drink up.

■ ■ ■

TIME to lighten the mood. As I write, actor and songwriter Kris Kristofferson is both still alive and enjoying a revival. This is a guy, Texas-born, whose drinking has arguably done as much for the public good as Winston Churchill's. I mean, even without Churchill's wartime steadfastness, Stalin and the U.S. of A. might have eventually defeated Hitler. And it's hard to imagine Churchill writing a song as good as "Sunday Morning Coming Down," which

captures the fun of waking up alone and hungover, craving a breakfast beer. For that matter, do you think the British Bulldog, had he been around, could have costarred with Wesley Snipes in the *Blade* franchise? (I'm open to being persuaded Churchill could have done so, by the way.)

Through Kristofferson's storied career, he has lived hard, and variously, working, playing, loving, and drinking within six degrees of separation from seppuku-committing weirdos like Yukio Mishima (Kristofferson starred in a movie adapted from a Mishima novel), leftist weirdos like writer-director John Sayles (the Bearded One costarred in the excellent *Lone Star*), and even the silent-film greats who formed United Artists (the studio he helped bankrupt with *Heaven's Gate*). Kristofferson wrote some of the greatest songs of the twentieth century, and while he's been sober for years, he was putting away a bottle of whiskey before noon while starring with Barbra Streisand in *A Star Is Born* (the actor won a Golden Globe—watching his own performance as a drunk, deteriorating rock star convinced him to quit drinking).

The man still smokes pot at 80, and his music, for good or ill, has soundtracked generations of dissipation and regret. Kristofferson would have made the list simply on the strength of "And the beer I had for breakfast wasn't bad! So I had one more for dessert." After all, Sunday scriptures vary from place to place of worship.

■ ■ ■

ANYONE who's read either Joan Didion or a stray Sandman comic will never shut up about the importance of narratives—forms that make order out of chaos—in our lives. "We tell ourselves stories in order to live," wrote Didion (who worked on the script for *A Star Is Born*, incidentally) at the start of her book *The White Album*. We look at these heavy-drinking historical figures and find ourselves projecting themes and threads upon their troubles, their addictions, their frailties. So at this point I interrupt my story-projecting to widen the lens and say, *You know*

what, we're all weak, and we all die, and maybe if we fuck the right anthropomorphic representation of metaphysical entities, someone will remember us. I'm pretty sure that was the point of Didion's Hollywood novel *Play It As It Lays*, though it's been a while. But please consider this consideration a celebration of the lives—the existences—of these individuals, not the disease. These are sad people who I dig, with nothing but the inability to turn down a gimlet bonding them. (Any framing device in a storm as they say. Moving on...)

■ ■ ■

IT'S not everyday you transition from Kris Kristofferson to Civil War general Ulysses S. Grant, but that's what we're doing, thanks again to the bonding of a gimlet.

Grant is an outlier in our pantheon of Not-Quite-As-Famous-As-Winston-Churchill Problem Drinkers. First off, he's as famous as Churchill, at least stateside. Moreover, I don't really have a strong opinion of him one way or another. I mean, I get the great things he's done—winning the Civil War was top-notch, and I vaguely understand why historians consider him a bad president (though his reputation, I am told, is currently undergoing a rehabilitation—though not to the extent that there's a *Hamilton*-esque hip-hop musical in the works). Thing is, like Brooklyn's Violent Bullshit puts it, "Loving your president is like loving the cops."

As for the entity Grant fought against, I don't hate the Confederacy



FAILURE AND HUMILIATION COME AS EASY AS BREATH, AND DEATH, THE INEVITABLE INTOXICANT, BECKONS LIKE AN UNHINGED SIREN. THE EDGE MUST BE TAKEN OFF, ONE WAY OR ANOTHER.

because they were rebels—rebels and insurgency are cool as hell—but rather, I hate Grant's enemies because they fought for slavery and white supremacy and were generally bullshit. And I understand that the arc of justice sometimes requires siding with The Man. So keep the statues of presidential drunks on horseback and melt all the totems of General Lee—and all the sober, hateful schmucks of his ilk—into a molten puddle to be recast into the shape of Andre the Giant drinking 116 beers in one sitting. That is my patriotism given material form.

WHILE wrestling with these larger questions, I'm tempted to include Noah (of Ark fame) on the list. According to the Old Testament, he grew a vineyard and became drunk after the big bath, and then his son, Ham, was a jerk about it, so, for some reason, Noah cursed his grandson, Canaan. I respect the pettiness required to punish a grandson and, since I like animals and pairs of animals even more, I'm generally cool with Noah and think you should be, too. But while the only recorded instance of biblical sauce-hitting takes place post-Flood, I can only assume that our man was lit when he neglected to put any dinosaurs or unicorns on the barge.

This list operates by the lofty standard "functioning alcoholic" and forgetting the Pegasi and whatnot is just sloppy. So I'm sad to say that an easy opportunity for a "We're gonna need a bigger boat" joke must be sacrificed. We're aiming for the greater good here—a rock-solid, uncontroversially true assessment of the Not-Quite-As-Famous As...etcetera, etcetera. If being right was easy, everybody would do it. I'd substitute someone like Whitney Houston for Noah but she's even more famous than Winston Churchill and Noah combined. Also, if you think I'm going to make jokes, even affectionate ones,

about Whitney, you must have me mistaken me for someone who deeply wants to die on the internet.

Not-Wanting-to-Get-Yelled-at-on-the-Internet is also why, fond as I am of them, Nina Simone, any number of Sufi poets, Ant-Man, and Buzz Aldrin are omitted from this list.

These are great individuals and heavy drinkers to the last. But there's not enough liquid courage on Earth to convince me to die on any of these hills. In fact, I only mention them in passing, if not gratuitously, because I think they're swell and feel like sharing.

Look, life, as it is, is difficult. We humans struggle every day of our lives. Failure and humiliation come as easy as breath, and death, the inevitable intoxicant, beckons like an unhinged siren. The edge must be taken off, one way or another. Some choose sex, some choose unholy pursuit of empire, and some choose Mad Dog 20/20.

Greatness in those endeavors is hard to quantify. But I support those who strive with a gusto untethered to bourgeois considerations like dignity and self-preservation. I salute them, and you, those of you who drink hard, saying fuck you, for a while, to the dark.

"How do you make God laugh? Make a plan." And so the joke goes (or as poet James Tate would call it, the oblivion ha-ha). Alcohol isn't a necessity to nurture this worldview, but it helps. I mean, for a while at least, until it doesn't.

So here's to the temporary. Raise a glass to it. Or, as Paul Bearer, hard, hard drinker and Sheer Terror singer, always says to me when lifting another Jameson to his lips while saluting/cursing all the forces in opposition, "Up with us. Down with them." ☺

Zachary Lipez is the co-author of Please Take Me Off The Guest List, Slept In Beds, and No Seats On The Party Car. He sings in Publicist UK and tends bar at 124 Old Rabbit Club.

CAMILLE PAGLIA, AGENT PROVOCATEUR

GOING DEEP
WITH AMERICA'S
MOST ELECTRIC MIND.

INTERVIEW BY MISH BARBER-WAY

BACK in the nineties, cultural critic and best-selling author Camille Paglia was slated to interview Madonna for a *Penthouse* story. Paglia—who had championed the iconoclastic entertainer when the media saw her as a mere “pop tart”—was eager for the assignment. There had been numerous attempts to get the two provocative women together, with both HBO and *Esquire* taking their shots. But there was a problem. Madonna was uneasy.

“You know who I blame?” says Paglia when I get her on the phone. “Kurt Loder. Remember him from MTV? He was a nice guy, but he is the one who caused this.” The author dishes the dirt. Apparently, Loder had asked Madonna if she’d read Paglia’s hugely popular, brainy, and enormous 1990 book *Sexual Personae: Art and Decadence From Nefertiti to Emily Dickinson*. It’s a 712-page swan dive into art, religion, literature, philosophy, gender differences, and much more. The singer hadn’t read this pioneering work and apparently felt that would put her at a disadvantage.

“I would never expect Madonna to read my book!” Paglia exclaims. “I’m not some Harvard elitist who would challenge her with literature. I feel subordinate to the artist!”

Brilliant and inflammatory, Paglia has devoted her career to art and the artist through a blaze of dissension. In the wake of *Sexual Personae*, she became a media sensation for her tireless, very public resistance to political correctness, along with her libertarian individualism and dissident views on feminism. Attacked from multiple quarters, she never backed down in the slightest, continuing to advocate for a pro-sex, pro-pornography, pro-art, and pro-free speech agenda.

Today, at 70, Paglia’s lost none of her fire. Her latest book, *Free Women, Free Men: Sex, Gender, Feminism*, caused a ruckus—and that was fine by her. A Humanities and Media Studies professor at Philadelphia’s University of the Arts, Paglia, when not teaching, speaking, and training her penetrating gaze on today’s world, is writing her eighth book, due in autumn of 2018.

In a wide-ranging, spirited conversation, Paglia and I talked sex, male-bashing feminists, American politics, the Roman Empire, nature, freedom, and the future of American culture.



CAMILLE PAGLIA:

It's a busy school day. I normally bellow because I'm a teacher, okay? I'm just very loud. I'm talking to you from my office at the university. It's going to be a struggle not to be bellowing! I'm going to try to be as quiet as possible while we talk.

MISH BARBER-WAY:

Don't worry, I have the same problem.

CP:
Really?

MBW:

I played in a punk rock band my entire life. My whole career has been based on being loud. I think it's good to be loud. What's wrong with having a loud presence?

CP:

Yes, for women absolutely. This is my entire complaint! For over 25 years I've been saying that this whole generation—now two generations—has a way too girly and bourgeois speaking style. When push comes to shove and they have to deal with confrontation, their voices and personalities are incapable of communicating what they want.

MBW:

I think the way young people speak today is awkward. The word "like" is shoved between each word. You must notice this as a professor.

CP:

It's a very self-interrupting style of speaking, which often ends in a question mark. It's getting worse because young people are so tethered to their iPhones. I'm very concerned about this. I see a slow disappearance of body language and facial expressions. This is a disaster for many reasons. It's going to worsen and complicate the communication problems in sex scenarios where oafish men are increasingly unable to read the intentions or desires of the women they're flirting with. It's going to lead to one disaster after another.

Of course, it gets me into trouble when I talk like this, but half the time, young women today don't really know what they want. That's another thing—they project uncertainty and thus invite into the vacuum this boorishness by infantile male personalities. Because that's often what we're talking about—infantile male personalities like Harvey Weinstein. The type of people who are hopelessly klutzy their entire lives but finally get into a position of power and abuse it.

MBW:

I am concerned that our culture will end up reverting back to a 1950s style of courtship, where permission, consent, and protection trump personal freedom. But instead of asking a woman's father for permission to date her, you will have to ask the woman herself. Have you seen the sexual consent forms that have been drawn up?

CP:

I've heard about them, but I haven't seen one yet.

MBW:

I saw one and thought it was a joke. It looks like something you would fill out at the doctor's office.

CP:

It's utterly depressing, because sex is a transaction of the body, not of the mind. It has very little to do with words. It's subliminal. The whole *point* of sex is to escape the rational realm! My generation

of the sixties created the sexual revolution, but we have left chaos for the generations that came after us. We were raised in a very strict environment, so we had very strong personalities. Now all these young people—white upper-middle-class people—are raised permissively.

It's a whole different world. I've been complaining for decades that the young women in the original date-rape hysteria of the late eighties and early nineties all had a very naive view of reality. They think that a perfectly safe and protected existence is possible for human beings. I'm sorry, it's not!

Existence is war. There is danger and conflict at every level. Young people today are not prepared for that. Everything has come to them automatically. Flip the switch, the lights turn on. They've never experienced the chaos of war, or any catastrophic natural disasters, so they actually believe that a perfect world is possible where they don't have to risk anything and yet they can be eternally protected.

That is just not how I see existence. Period. I see the world as a dangerous place—which is also part of the excitement of it. That is how I was raised. But now, young people want perfect protection and safety even if that means total surveillance by those proxy parents, the intrusive university administrators. It's just terrible that these young women—including young feminists—are surrendering the freedoms that my generation won for them!

MBW:

Furthermore, self-policing and the policing of others through social media has created an alert, hostile, and paranoid environment.

I wanted to get your take on what has happened to culture's view of men. How did masculinity become "toxic"?

CP:

What really gets me furious is the bourgeois, liberal, elitist rhetoric surrounding gender. I am speaking here not as a conservative but as a registered Democrat who voted for Bernie Sanders and Jill Stein—that has to be made clear when I criticize liberal rhetoric.

Demanding equal rights for women is crucial, but mischaracterizing men as oppressors and brutalizers throughout history is such a distortion! Of course, there have been brutes, but it's a minority of men who have behaved in a dishonorable way. Overwhelmingly, when you look at world history, it's men courageously giving their lives and their energy—sacrificing themselves for women and children!

All these young, bourgeois kids today have no imagination whatsoever for the infrastructure that is making their comfortable lives possible. They have no understanding of the complex system of electricity, plumbing, paving, and manual labor. It makes me furious!

Just a year ago in the suburbs where I live outside of Philadelphia, there was a massive sewage break under a road. There was a huge eruption and a pool of raw sewage. Workers were there in hazmat suits trying to control the unbelievable mess and fix the problem. Who were those people? Men! Not a single woman. I've never seen a single woman working a job that filthy and dangerous. Never. How many times do you see women tending the giant, smoking tar kettles and brushing out hot tar onto city roofs? Men are doing these stinking, horrible, dangerous jobs! Never once have I seen a woman doing that—even though a woman technically *could* do it.

Women don't want those types of jobs. They want the men to do the dirty work. According to the Bureau of Labor Statistics, over 92 percent of fatalities on the job happen to men. How many times do we have terrible ice storms that cut off electricity for thousands of people? Who goes out in the freezing cold night to handle the live wires? Who? The men! Is there a woman anywhere doing that? If there is, please put her on the cover of your magazine!

MBW:

I would—happily!

CP:

It's a well-known fact that, on average, women prefer a safe, clean work environment, even if it's lower pay. Men will go for the higher pay and risk serious injury or death. It's men who keep this fabulous infrastructure going! In my first book, *Sexual Personae*, I wrote a celebration of the great construction cranes: "When I see a giant crane passing on a flatbed truck, I pause in awe and reverence—because these are the works of *men*!"

A woman could probably operate a crane—sure. But it was men who conceived the idea of that crane. It was men who designed and built it. I admire men! I am as strong a woman as you'll ever meet, but what I'm saying is that strong women want strong men. Only weak women want weak men. All these middle-class women who are so unhappy all the time, *they* think they want men to be like women—but they don't.

MBW:

My husband is a metal fabricator and a craftsman. He was raised in a working-class family from Arkansas and since meeting him, I have developed a different appreciation for this kind of work that I once took for granted. I think that's why your

writing has resonated with me. Why do you think culture has become so blind to these essential male contributions?

CP:

I've been calling for decades for vocational training to be reinstituted. I want a restoration and revalorization of the trades. For all of my career, I've been teaching in art schools, so a lot of my students work with their hands. Some have already been earning good money from making furniture and so on. In rural Italian culture, it's assumed that you show true character by your willingness to do physical work.

However, now we're in a period where manufacturing has fled overseas. Over the past fifty years, we've moved into a service-sector economy, which has been a disaster for working-class men who used to be able to walk into a factory off the street and earn a very good living working with their hands.

Look, in Italian culture we pay attention to infrastructure. That's just the way I was raised. Workmanship is important. When my grandfather came home from the shoe factory he'd relax by working on a project in the garage. My uncle made these fantastic nut bowls—magnificent works of art with different-colored wood. My grandfather made baskets. You never paid anyone else to do anything! You did it yourself—including concrete and stonework.

The Romans developed concrete. In my family—oh my God—they could talk about concrete forever! The right way to pour it, the wrong way to pour it. My whole life I would hear the men in my family evaluating craftsmanship. My mother sewed—all the women did. Among my earliest memories is women fingering my sleeve or lapel and complimenting my mother on the stitching!

Here's another reason that young people are so free-floating—because they're in this digital world where everything is virtual work. They're so removed from the actual making of tangible things. This

I totally understand men's passion for women. Women are beautiful and remote and unobtainable. The only thing men want in women's attention, and in male dance clubs, they can get it for a moment.

Woman As Goddess

Camille Paglia
Tours Strip Clubs

When Camille Paglia burst onto the scene three years ago, her iconoclastic views on art, literature, and sexuality were published in *Sexual Personae: Art and Decadence*

Reported by Melanie Wells
Photographs by Robert Clark

comes back to sex. The body is deactivated in the digital world. That means that sex has become merely an idea—not something grounded in instincts in the body. The whole energy of the body has been erased. Your physical body rarely moves. You use one finger to type. Even with a typewriter you'd use your hands, arms, and shoulders!

We're now raising children as if they have no bodies, yet they live in a sex-saturated world. No wonder everything is such a mess. We must reorient back toward the body. The way that manual trades are no longer honored, compared to the centrality of the digital world, is related to this tyranny—this leashing of the body's natural, useful energy.

MBW:

I love working in the garden. Getting down on my hands and knees and ripping out plants, seeing the seeds sprout up, and then cooking with the vegetables you grew. There is something almost spiritual about working with your body like that in nature. You feel connected to the world.

CP:

Reconnection to nature is really important, and unfortunately even that is being politicized. The only way you can relate to nature these days is by saying that nature is a victim of human greed and destruction. Because in Marxism, which has saturated higher education, people can only see society. Society is important; social and political reform are important. I'm a political analyst—I'm not discounting these issues. But society is a very tiny, ever-changing portion of existence. You will discover a deeper identity and a wider existence by connecting with the concrete world of nature!

Not nature as victim—that drives me crazy! I contribute to the Green Party—I want environmental issues to be honored. But don't think for a second that we're on the verge of collapse because of all the CO₂ in the air!

MBW:

Doesn't that kind of thinking assume that humans are so powerful that we actually have the strength to destroy the planet? We are so miniscule compared to nature.

CP:

Exactly! That's how I ended the first chapter of *Sexual Personae*. I said that even nuclear warfare that destroys humankind will be a mere blip compared to the vastness of nature. Even though all remnants of human life will be gone, nature will remain. The grandeur and enormity of nature are fantastic. But today people have to politicize even the massive expansiveness of the cosmos.

MBW:

Why has everything become so politicized?

CP:

Because human beings need religion. I'm an atheist, but I respect all religions. As the upper middle class became secularized, the tie to traditional religion was lost, but nothing else was put in its place. Religion gives you a huge vision of the universe and human existence. If you take away religion, you have to replace it with something else. So today the educated class worships politics.

MBW:

You have made some interesting and allegedly inflammatory predictions about the inevitable collapse of Western culture. Can you explain?

CP:

[Laughs] I'm a student of history, and I see history as cyclic. I originally wanted to be an archeologist, so I've always studied ancient civilizations—how great and powerful they were but how they all collapsed! It was only a few hundred years ago that wealthy, aristocratic families in England would send their sons on a "grand tour" to contemplate the ruins of Rome: "Here is one of the world's greatest empires, and look how it fell!" The big lesson is that no civilization lasts.

Unfortunately, our civilization has become so dependent on electricity and power to run everything. Computers, gas stations, banks—everything requires power. It won't be long—and I believe there have already been test runs by terrorists—before someone figures out how to paralyze the power grid of this country. All of North America will go down fast! Unless you study history, you don't understand how quickly a civilization can collapse into barbarism.

We don't have an army or police force big enough to contain the total anarchy that would unfold. We're an artificial entity right now—and incredibly vulnerable. It's like we're living on Mars and relying on some nuclear reactor in a science-fiction fantasy!

MBW:

You see us going down in the same rubble Rome did?

CP:

Rome became impossible to sustain. The lesson of history is that all bureaucracies eventually expand to the point where they collapse of their own weight. All bureaucracies become inefficient, convoluted, and self-involved, whether you're talking about ancient Rome or Soviet Russia. The whole Russian experiment began as a revolution in 1917 to liberate the people, and all of a sudden it became state-run farms and collectives—a horrendously inefficient mode of operation. The only way to run it was an authoritarian, surveillance state. That's the lesson in all this. The bigger and wealthier a culture gets, the more you get an expensive, overgrown bureaucracy. We can see it now in Washington and on college campuses. This is a decadent phenomenon—a parallel to ancient Rome.

The other thing that happened with ancient Rome is that as it became a more cosmopolitan empire, the original Roman values of discipline, honor, and duty disappeared. The Empire was much more affluent, sophisticated, and hedonistic, and it accepted and absorbed multicultural influences. There was an increasing secularism in the leading political class in Rome. The Romans used to be very prudish about excessive displays of any kind, whether in clothing, manner, or home décor. Everything was sober and reserved. Then came the imperial style, which was much more flamboyant and gender-bending. There was a slackening of political mission and discipline. Roman identity itself began to dissolve.

If you could go backwards in a time machine to the island of Capri or the resorts of Pompeii during the Roman Empire, people would seem very relaxed about bisexuality and transgender experiments. There was a moral vacuum as the old values disappeared and the new, pleasure-centered style came in. What was the result? Rome fell! Late Rome and its easy tolerance—what we would call progressive today—became morally empty and created a huge vacuum.

What arrived to fill the vacuum? Something from the eastern Mediterranean called Christianity! Here we are two thousand years later, and Christianity is a worldwide religion. All these secular thinkers today who mock Christianity—well, look at how it's held up!

Christianity with its spiritual dimension and promise of an afterlife was the answer for millions. People can't live hollow lives of instant pleasure and self-fulfillment. When everything shrinks down to

"PEOPLE CAN'T LIVE HOLLOW LIVES OF INSTANT PLEASURE AND SELF-FULFILLMENT. WHEN EVERYTHING SHRINKS DOWN TO MERELY THE SELF, PEOPLE FEEL EMPTY."

merely the self, people feel empty.

The alarming evidence of history suggests that moments of tolerance for homosexuality and androgyny are usually a sign of the coming collapse of the entire culture! I didn't come up with this idea on my own—I discovered it through my research in graduate school when I was writing my dissertation at Yale on androgyny. Now, I'm not saying that we should suppress any of these things! That would be absurd—I've been an open lesbian for most of my life. However, this triumphalism from my political party is based on a very naive view of history, which imagines that we are moving toward a state of perfection. But people who are enamored with utopia usually end up as fascists. The dream that we will achieve utopia through government intervention and control is a *Brave New World* nightmare where individuality will be cancelled out and erased.

I am calling for the abandonment of this delusion that modern society is in a linear movement toward perfection. It's actually an apocalyptic view very similar to that of evangelical Christians with their doomsday prophecy of revelation and rapture. Too many liberals see themselves as agents of salvation, rescuing society from darkness: "We are the enlightened ones! Look at our saintly tolerance! Soon everyone will think like us. All the evildoers who think differently than us will be consigned to hellfire—and eventually we will achieve universal brotherhood!"

Meanwhile, these so-called liberals often behave with vicious ruthlessness toward anyone who disagrees with them, including on their own side. Utopians are some of the most punitive, amoral people on the planet. I was first introduced to Oscar Wilde in high school after I found a book of his quotations at a secondhand bookstore. One quote stuck with me, but I didn't understand it.

It's taken me a lifetime to finally see what Wilde meant. In the 1890s, Wilde was complaining about moralistic, vainglorious Victorian philanthropists. He said, "Philanthropic people lose all sense of humanity. It is their distinguishing characteristic."

I see it now! Professional philanthropists, professional do-gooders, who think of themselves as so virtuous and who believe they can force equality and tolerance on the culture. They are going to invade your brain and purge you of any incorrect thoughts! These people are fascists—and that's what Oscar Wilde saw in the Victorians.

MBW:

We've come full circle.

CP:

Exactly. Anyone who thinks and votes differently is evil. How could they vote differently than us? All of us in Manhattan, Cambridge, Los Angeles, and San Francisco are the enlightened ones, and the rest of the world out there are the

deplorables! They must be racist, sexist, homophobic, and Islamophobic, as Hillary said.

That's how the liberal elite think! So they were dumbfounded when Trump won. [Laughs] They're going to be really surprised when he's reelected in 2020!

MBW:

I wasn't shocked when Trump was elected. He was speaking to a group of people who have been ignored by politicians and the culture at large for a very long time. It doesn't matter if what he promised would happen or not. For his voters, it was about being acknowledged.

CP:

The problem is that people of the educated upper middle class see no one but other members of their own social class. I saw the Trump thing coming, even though I voted for Jill Stein. It had virtually nothing to do with racism, sexism, or homophobia. It happened because there were serious issues in the country that my party, the Democratic party, was not facing! Democrats and the partisan media would not even admit there was a problem. They were stuck in their elitist bubble of arrogance, and they still don't get it!

MBW:

Finally, because it's *Penthouse*, what value does pornography bring to sex and art?

CP:

My position has always been that pornography shows the truth about sexuality, which connects us to the animal realm of primitive urges. Sexual desire and sexual fantasy are perpetually churning on the subliminal and unconscious levels, surfacing in our dream life.

However, the public display of pornography can and should be reasonably limited. Pornography is the pagan bible and should not intrude on city streets except in designated red-light districts. But pornography is vital to freedom of the imagination.

It's only in pornography that we can discern the shifting, shadowy structure of contemporary taboos. We call something "hot" when there is a subtle or not so subtle violation of taboo beneath the surface.

Hence, I view pornography as both art and anthropology—an alluring cultural projection that also reveals the hidden compulsions and conflicts of sexual relations in every era. ☺←

Camille Paglia's latest book is Free Women, Free Men: Sex, Gender, Feminism, published by Pantheon (2017). Her next collection of essays comes out in the fall of 2018.

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A Shining Star



Our CyberCutie Violet Starr is the kind of girl you want to spend all day in bed with. Luscious and innocent, this shy girl came out of her shell and under the sheets for us. We could have spent a week cuddled up with this beauty.

Photography: Gerald De Behr











Violet Starr

Vital Stats:

34C-28-35

19-years-old

5'5

Hometown: Tampa, FL

You traded one seaside state filled with pornographers for another. How did you get into the adult industry in the first place?

I was in college and I met this girl randomly in my dorm. At the time, I was a dancer and she was a cam girl. We became great friends and ended up trading jobs. While she was camming, she was discovered by an agent in California and we decided to come out West together to shoot.

Did you like being a dancer?

I liked it at first, but camming was much more my style. Dancing is surface level. All your audience cares about is your boobs and your butt. It has nothing to do with your personality. On cam, it's personal. I liked getting to know my camming customers. At the time, I think I was as lonely as they were! Plus, with camming you don't come home smelling in cigars. In fact, you don't even have to leave the house.

But now you have become a popular porn star. Can you still cam with a well-known face?

I still like to go on cam, for sure, but I have been spoiled by porn. Besides, it's hard that I get recognized so much on there. Everyone wants to ask me questions about porn, so I'm not just a random cute, innocent cam girl anymore. I am grateful for the benefits porn has given me.

Were you always an outgoing person who craved the spotlight?

No, never! I was so shy. I remember I was bullied a lot in middle school because I wouldn't talk to anyone. They all thought I was a stuck-up snob and were mean to me, but I was just so, so shy and too afraid to talk to anyone. When I got to high school, I joined the theatre club and everyone is so supportive. It helped me feel comfortable in the spotlight. ☺

Find more of Violet Starr at
<https://chaturbate.com/violetstarr/>
or see more at Penthouse.com





PENTHOUSECAMS.com





18
10
10

HIGHLIFE

124: THE FINISHING TOUCHES

Because your only accessory can't just be a switchblade.



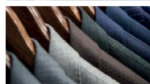
126: HOLD ON TIGHT

White-knuckling at the wheels of this year's most powerful vehicles.



134: MADE TO MEASURE

Your guide to suiting up and looking your best.



SHOULDERS

It's not the 80s anymore, so just say no to the gridiron shoulder pads. But if they're too narrow, you'll look like the Hulk when he's ready to blow a gasket. If you're a gym rat, don't think that a tighter fit will show off your hard work. Get your tailor to match your build.

BUTTONS

Traditionally they would be ox or buffalo horn, but many options are available. A three-button jacket should only be buttoned from the middle button—this can be hard to pull off, though. A tuxedo jacket should have only one button. A day-to-day suit with two buttons is a classic, or if you're feeling adventurous, go for a double-breasted option with six buttons (two functioning, not one).

CUFF

You want it to sit just above your shirt cuff when standing naturally. Make sure you ask for working buttonholes and keep the last one undone. This is a subtle way of showing the world that your suit has been tailored without accidentally blurring it out loud like a douche bag.

WAIST

One of the best things about a well-tailored suit is that you won't need a belt. This not only looks better, but you can wear any shoes you like without having to worry about matching them, so opt for side adjusters instead of belt loops. A good tailor will leave extra fabric inside the seat so alterations can be made for when you put on a few pounds over Christmas.

POWER OUTFIT

SUIT YOURSELF

GETTING a suit tailored is one of the most daunting mile markers of manhood. Whether it's a new job, a wedding, or you just want to be ready for the day you can't roll up looking homeless; it's something we all have to deal with at some point. Don't walk out of the store with an ill-fitting garbage bag. Here's some tips when having a suit tailored just for you.

LAPELS

For a powerful look, broad peak lapels are the only way to go. A more classic approach would employ a slimmer, notched collar (think Don Draper), and is your best bet if you need to keep things conservative. If you have broad shoulders, get big lapels to match.

POCKETS

This is down to personal taste, but slanted pockets with the addition of a ticket pocket on the right is a nice touch that'll set your new suit apart from the pack. If you've ever wondered why they come stitched together, it's to retain form and shape, but can easily be put to use if needed.

HEM

The front of the hem should just clip the front of your shoe, with the back of your trouser sitting above the heel of your shoe. For a nice finish, ask for a cuffed trouser leg.

THE FINISHING TOUCHES

WRISTWATCH: Choose one that matches your needs. A leather strap is generally favored over a metal bracelet if you're wearing a suit. Avoid anything too blingy, as it won't slip under your cuff, which ruins the way a suit will sit.

POCKET SQUARE: With countless ways to fold one of these, they're one of the easiest ways to spruce up a blazer or suit jacket without getting too formal. Keep a few in different colors and textures and make sure the pattern never matches your tie.

SOCKS: Probably the only thing that doesn't have to match the rest of the outfit, on the condition they're in direct contrast. Get something loud and expressive, or stick with neutral tones that match the rest of your look.

RINGS: One or two subtle rings look great. That one with the skull you got on spring break? He's gotta go. Also applicable if it's been made solely for the opening of beer bottles.

BRACELETS: More in vogue lately is a simple bracelet to be worn with a watch. Match the tones of the watch band and keep it minimal.





TIE: Most guys ruin a great suit by trying to play it safe. There's nothing wrong with neutral tones and simple colors, but if you're peacocking at a Denny Crane level, a quality, thick fabric and well-practiced double Windsor knot is what'll make the difference.

CUFF LINKS: One of the best ways to be expressive when you have to dress up is to get your shirts with French cuffs and wear cuff links. Opt for quality, muted metal finishes, and simple designs. These will never go out of style.

SHOES: Not all shoes work with all suits, so take heed when you're picking out which pair to wear. Simply put, a black suit calls for black shoes, charcoal suits can be worn with dark brown or black shoes, and a blue suit calls for brown or tan shoes. No exceptions, clown.

BELT: If you opt for a belt, make sure it matches your shoes in both material and color. This is one of the biggest sartorial errors guys make and it ruins all the other hard work you've put in, so keep it in check.

SUNGLASSES: Getting this right depends on two things: the clothes you're wearing and the shape of your face. Square jaw? Round frames, my friend. Round face? Get yourself something more angular.

POWER DRIVE

BUGATTI CHIRON

HAVING already set the standard for eyeball-popping power with its widely acclaimed Veyron, Bugatti has now gone one step further and created a vehicle so over-the-top in output it's almost impossible to believe. The \$2,998,000 Chiron puts out 1500 HP, goes 0 to 60 mph in 2.3 seconds, and tops out at 261 mph (its max speed has been capped "for safety reasons"—go figure).





STATS

MANUFACTURED:	2017
0 TO 60MPH:	2.3 SEC
POWER:	1500 HP @ 6700 RPM
TOP SPEED:	261 MPH
PRICE:	\$2,998,000

POWER DRIVE

PORSCHE 911 GT3

THE release of the Porsche 911 GT3 didn't go well initially. There were engine fires that left early owners a little hot in their seat. Porsche was forgiven, but then it emerged on the internet that the GT3 would only be sold with an automatic transmission, and the purists were ready to walk. It was heresy of such startling magnitude that people started looking elsewhere. Then, last year, Porsche merged the GT3 RS's 500-hp engine with a manual gearbox, named it the 911 R, and in no time it was sold out. Thanks to the interest in the manual 911 R, Porsche decided it was a good idea to add a manual transmission to the GT3, and here we are four years later, and all is right in the world.

Take your pick of two gearboxes in the form of an updated version of the seven-speed dual-clutch unit, and a newly developed six-speed manual gearbox

(like it's even a choice), and step inside the naturally aspirated 4.0-liter classic flat six-cylinder powerplant and give it a squirt, because this thing likes to run—fast. Zero to 60 in 3.8 seconds should give you more facelift than Caitlyn Jenner, as you dial your way to a top speed of 198 mph while dodging swathes of eager onlookers, keen to get a closer look at that German rocket.

STATS

MANUFACTURED: 2017	
0-60 MPH:	3.8 SECONDS
POWER:	500 HP @ 8250 RPM
TOP SPEED:	198 MPH
PRICE:	\$143,600





POWER DRIVE

FORD MUSTANG

THE return of the Mustang last year was a polarizing affair but welcomed by fans for the fact that it retained the DNA of the vintage ponies of the past. What does that mean, exactly? Well, it looks fast, it feels fast and—surprise, surprise—it's wicked fast. And Ford just made it faster for 2018.

But it's not just the fact that the Mustang GT goes quicker than Harvey Weinstein's Hollywood career went splat, hitting 0-60 mph in under 4 seconds, or that it puts out a whopping 460 horsepower—speed and strength are things we've all come to expect from our favorite pony. It's the added control.

The Mustang was always an untamable beast, but now if you choose to drive auto, you've got the option of a 10-speed automatic transmission, featuring direct-acting hydraulic controls, designed for optimum ratio progression and efficiency—meaning you can finally rein in this animal with super accurate upshift and downshift capabilities. The cornering on the 'Stang has also been noticeably improved by the addition of the MagneRide dampening system. Once only available in the Shelby GT350 models, Ford has extended this luxury to anyone who gets their hands on the 2018 Mustang. Sensors

on the Magnetorheological Shocks (try saying that one three times fast) adjust all four corners of the vehicle independently, providing massively improved handling around those tight bends.

These are all great new additions to an old classic, but for us, the most interesting enhancement is the Active Valve Performance Exhaust. Remember we were talking about control? Well, now you can control how loud, or quiet, you want that signature Mustang rumble to be. You can be a quiet and polite neighbor, if that's your thing, or crank it up to full, so it sounds like a 'Stang should, blasting thunder as you drive.

GT STATS

MANUFACTURED: MID 2017	
0-60 MPH:	SUB-4 SECONDS
POWER:	460 HP
TOP SPEED:	UNKNOWN
PRICE:	STARTS AT \$35,095

FINANCE A CAR

XZIBIT isn't here to pimp your mom's old shitbox, so it might be time to consider other options to get that new whip. While prioritizing a sweet wardrobe, weekends away, and dinners in nice restaurants with pretty girls is important, we all hit an age when a decent set of wheels is requisite to the high life. One hiccup? Nice cars are expensive, and you probably haven't landed that corner office (yet).

Financing a car can be an easy way to get yourself behind the wheel of something excellent, without having to save for years. While debt can be a daunting prospect, we've broken down the stats on how it works, what you can expect to pay, and whether or not playing now and paying later is suited to you.

FACTS:

- You're going to pay a fair bit more. The price you pay for driving off the lot without technically owning the car is a chunk of interest, and the longer your finance term, the more it's going to be.
- A bank loan won't necessarily be cheaper than a dealer's. Dealer loans are very common these days, and given the amount of debt they finance through the big banks, they can offer very competitive interest rates.
- Remember that a new car depreciates in value the second you drive it off the lot, so consider buying something secondhand if you plan on upgrading in a few years' time and want that extra savings. Getting a model a few years older is a smart purchase.
- As with all things, you should prioritize living within your means. If you make \$80K a year, you don't want to be paying off a Porsche, even if you can technically make the repayments because you live at home (and sort that out too, dude).
- Also, remember that the more expensive the car, the pricier the upkeep. You might be able to make the repayments, but can you fork out \$2K every time your vehicle needs a service and oil change? Insurance is also a massive sting for luxury cars.
- Of course we're not advocating that you go out and actually buy any of these so-called pussy magnets—we all know there are plenty of great affordable cars out there. But indulge us while we dream big for a moment.



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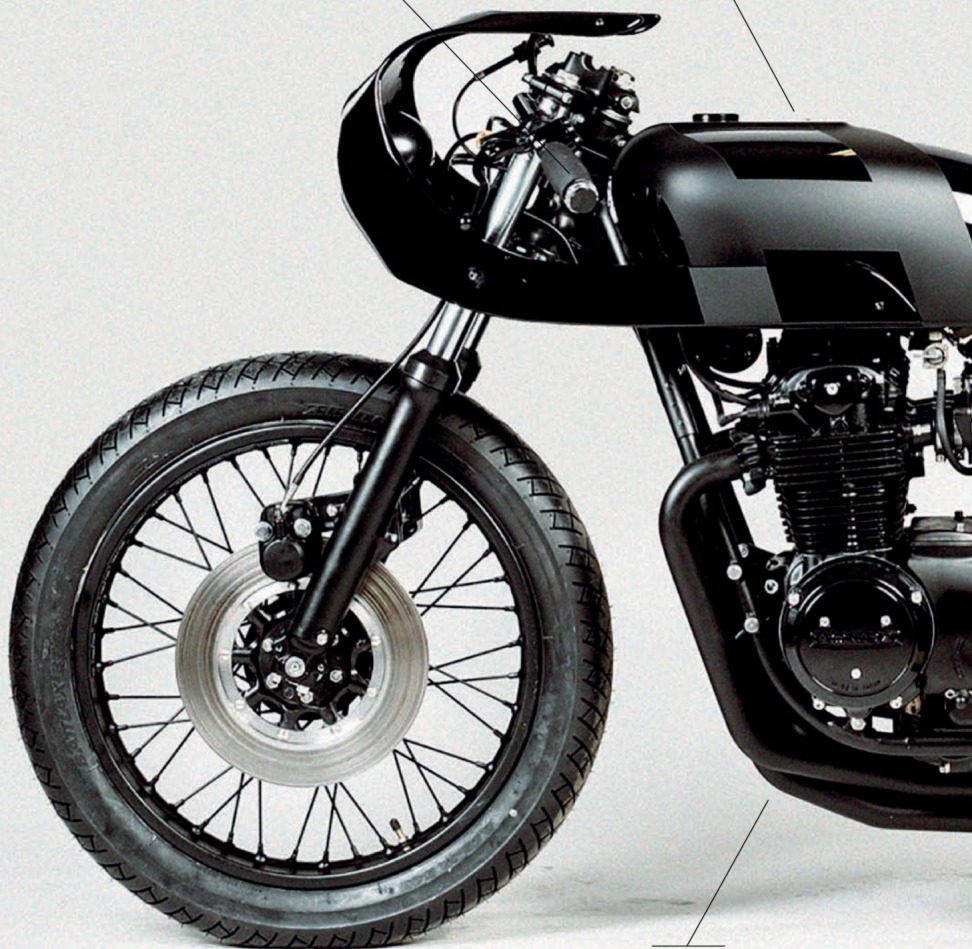
PORSCHE 911 CARRERA

THE BASE MODELS START AT \$89K, WHICH MEANS YOU CAN EXPECT TO PAY \$98,880, OR \$1,648 A MONTH, AT A RATE OF 4.21 PERCENT OVER FIVE YEARS.



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MODIFIED GAS TANK WITH AN
ALUMINUM POP-UP CAP



CUSTOM ENGINE, AIR POD FILTER, AND
SPARK RACING EXHAUST

HOKIE BLACK MAMBA

If you're in the business of turning heads, then get your head around this custom café racer by German custom specialists Hokie. Using a 1973 Honda CB550, the Dresden-based workshop repurposed the classic workhorse. The bike's sleek and clean blacked-out profile is full of striking detail: under the steel body lies a black engine, paired with an air pod filter and spark racing exhaust. The slick, steel-bodied café racer has looks to kill and accessories to match. The motor has been completely rebuilt, the suspension overhauled, the body fitted with custom fairings, and the gas tank modified with pop-up filler cap and motogadget Motoscope. You'll have people chasing you just to check it out—good thing it's fast.

BRIDGESTONE BATTLAX TIRES &
REBUILT DRUM REAR BRAKE





POWER OUTFIT

MADE TO MEASURE

WE sat down with the CEO of Australian clothing store George & King to get down to the brass tacks of custom suits.

What do people forget to ask when having a suit made?

Clients neglect to ask how to care for their suit. When a suit is made from pure wool like ours, it needs to be looked after to increase the longevity of the garment.

DO: Invest in a good clothing brush and give your suit a good brush after each wear to remove any debris. A common myth is that you should dry clean your suit after each wear. This is not true. Three to four wears is fine.

DON'T: Put your suit in the washing machine no matter how tempting.

What are your most popular cuts and requests in suits recently?

Our clients tend to want to create a slim line silhouette. The most common request is a jacket that shapes the torso area, tailored to the chest and narrowing down to the stomach. The European style of suit is the most popular. The jacket cut is close to the body, often single-breasted with two buttons.

Recently there has been a growing trend in clients ordering the 1940s style three-piece. A single-breasted five-button vest, with longer square-cut three-button jacket paired with pleated trousers with cuffs. This type of suit tends to be tailored in a casual fit, which is a more traditional cut. This style hangs looser on the body.

If you could have one suit that suited most occasions, what would it look like?

The charcoal three-piece suit. The John Gage or the Carioca Suit.

Charcoal is a great color and from a

style perspective can be matched with a variety of shirt and shoe colors.

For work: Lose the vest and wear with a light blue, pink, or lilac shirt, as this softens the suit. Wear with a dark brown shoe.

In the evening: Opt for the full three-piece suit. For a more formal occasion, wear with a crisp white shirt, bow tie, and black shoes.

Though remember, when it comes to dressing for a formal event, it is more about the garment's fit than the color. If a suit fits you well it will ensure that you look the part at any event.

What is one of your all-time favorite looks in suits?

The James Bond *Goldfinger*. The grey windowpane three-piece suit is tailored by Anthony Sinclair; classic and timeless.

What is the best way to match a tie, suit, and shirt?



**FORMAL WEAR
IS MORE ABOUT
FIT THAN COLOR.
IF A SUIT FITS
YOU WELL IT
WILL ENSURE
THAT YOU LOOK
THE PART AT
ANY EVENT.**

The majority color of the shirt should be the minority color in the tie. Use the suit color as a guide when choosing your shirt and then match your accessories.

Example: A dark navy suit with a light blue striped shirt and mustard tie with hints of light blue.

What do you think women look for when they see a man in a suit?

An expertly tailored suit that fits a man well is a huge turn-on. Women can spot a poor-quality suit a mile off.

To cuff or not?

It is appropriate to wear cuff links to a formal occasion and to work if required. Though remember cuff links are not necessary for informal occasions. Ensure you have a range of shirts in your wardrobe, some with French cuff and some with button-up cuffs.

SIX SUIT SITUATIONS:

- Suit to get laid in: birthday, duh.
- Suit to get a business deal over the line: the pinstripe navy. It exudes power and authority.
- Suit to impress a potential employer: double-breasted is always a talking point as it is not that common. Choose a plain fabric. I would recommend a dark gray/rich navy.
- Suit to win a woman's heart: A three-piece windowpane suit. Wear it with confidence.
- Suit to wear to a family or friend's wedding: Nothing too bold. Stay away from bright blue. Choose a herringbone—go with a slight pattern as you need to distinguish yourself from the groom party.
- Don't wear a black suit—save them for funerals.

DO'S AND DON'T'S

• MODERN BLACK TIE

DO: Dress in a black tux but go with a peak lapel instead of the traditional shawl. It is more modern. Wear with a white shirt with pleating.

DON'T: Wear a necktie. These are for work, not formal events.

• MODERN COCKTAIL

DO: Choose a patterned fabric, embossed or with a slight print. The Italian range Vitale Barberis Canonico do some outstanding patterned fabrics that look great when paired with a satin peak lapel. Choose side tabs on your trousers. Opt for a no-vented jacket. It's modern and it streamlines the body.

DON'T: Wear your old work suit with a bow tie—people will notice. 



OUR FOREVER WAR

THE IDEA OF PERPETUAL
CONFLICT IS NOTHING NEW.
BUT THE REALITY OF IT IS HERE.
AND IT'S NOT LEAVING ANYTIME SOON.

BY MATT GALLAGHER

THE first time I heard "Forever War" was back in 2006. I'd just assumed my role as platoon leader for a cavalry scout platoon based out of Hawaii, and was trying my best not to be *that* lieutenant. So basically—don't be a jackass, watch, learn to see how it's done.

Such is the life of the butterfly.

After a training mission, the topic came up of what the end goal of our upcoming tour would be. I recited some battalion talking points about stability and economic growth, a return to normalcy, blah blah. Our platoon sergeant did something similar. Then one of the Joes raised his hand and said, earnest as a sculpture, "I really don't know what that means, though."

"Christ, Private," said one of the platoon's section leaders, a staff sergeant built like a bulldog who spoke with a deep cotton twang. "This be the Forever War, son. It's gonna go for...you guessed it, forever. So we go in there, make it a little better for the next guys. That's it. That's the job."

All these years later, I still remember wishing the battalion talking points had carried something that succinct and clear for brand-new lieutenants to consult.

That memory—over a decade old now, Allah H. Christ—returned to me this fall when Defense Secretary and retired Marine general James Mattis (he much prefers the nickname Chaos to Mad Dog, you dig?) told Congress, point blank, that withdrawing fully from Afghanistan would result in another 9/11-style attack. The candor, the honesty, was something to behold, even if the message was depressing and terrible and everything in between. No euphemisms like "cutting the grass" or "slow burn" or "bug zapper." Just his assessment as a man devoted to our nation's defense, straight and true.

Still, though—if that's the case, what's a mini-surge of 5,000 or so additional troops going to solve? I also adore another Mattis quote about history not being a straitjacket, but that whole Afghanistan-being-the-graveyard-of-empires thing isn't just an axiom. Is even asking about an end-state there now out of the question? Guess so, since no member of Congress felt inclined to follow up. Forever War lasts... you guessed it. Forever.

Meanwhile, on the other side of the capital, the Army Chief of



PHOTO: SHUTTERSTOCK.COM / BY ACTION SPORTS



IT'S ONE THING FOR SPECIAL OPERATIONS TO HAVE FOOTPRINTS ACROSS THE GLOBE. IT'S ANOTHER FOR BIG ARMY TO BE DOING AND PREPPING FOR THAT.

Staff, General Mark Milley, told a national military convention that, "We are training, advising, and assisting indigenous armies all over the world, and I expect that will increase and not decrease."

Milley went on to say that it's almost a certainty that "advise and assist" missions will persist and endure—i.e., there's not a tipping point or a plateau, at least not one in sight at present.

That's the Chief of Staff for the entire Army speaking there, not the commander of SOCOM or something. It's general-speak for *This small war/counter-guerrilla/counterinsurgency/counterterror shit ain't going away anytime soon*. And he's talking worldwide—not just official combat zones like Afghanistan. It's one thing for special operations to have footprints across the globe. It's quite another for Big Army to be doing and prepping for that.

About a week after those comments by General Milley, four Green Berets on a joint patrol in Niger were killed by ISIS-affiliated terrorists. Two more of our own were wounded. Raise your hand if you knew we had troops in Niger "supporting" the war on terror and I'll show you A) a liar, B) a spook, or C) one of those NatSec goofs who spends way too much time on Twitter.

So. The Forever War endures. Call it whatever you want—"advise and assist" seems to be the term of the moment, though I'm sure there's a major in the Pentagon bowels hard at work to coin the next great neologism.

And while it's not *actually* going to last forever, it'll at least be generational, if not multigenerational. We're already seeing signs of its corrosive effect on our society and culture back home. How else to explain a commander in chief telling a grieving Gold Star widow "he knew what he signed up for" in the aftermath of one of those Green Berets' deaths?

Leaving aside further thoughts on the president's utterance, unfortunately what Trump said conveyed a perspective not much different from what a lot of Americans feel toward servicemembers. Respect, sure, but also detachment.

The term itself, "Forever War," has its origins in a book. No, not Dexter Filkins' superb 2008 journalistic account of Iraq and Afghanistan, *The Forever War*. Filkins himself got the term from a 1974 science fiction novel of the same name, written by Joe Haldeman.

Haldeman's novel chronicles a multigenerational interstellar war between humankind and a mysterious alien species known as the Taurans. It's a dark, funny, not-so-subtle allegory for Vietnam, where Haldeman had served as a combat engineer and earned a Purple Heart. Turns out, we're not the first generation to wrestle with questions of a perpetual conflict being waged abroad for unclear objectives. Nor was the Vietnam generation, for that matter. Maybe it's all the same Forever War. Who fucking knows.

As I was finishing up this article, I Facebook-messaged the staff sergeant who first introduced me to the term "Forever War" way back when. He didn't remember the specific training mission, but he remembers using the term, and educating privates with it. He's retired now, having earned a little calm after 20-plus years of service in the Green Machine.

I asked him, "How do you feel about it all now, a decade later, as a civilian?"

"I got a son who's 15," he wrote back. "Wish I'd been wrong about that forever thing, you know?" 〇一五

*Matt Gallagher is a U.S. Army veteran of Iraq and the author of the novel *Youngblood* (Atria/Simon & Schuster).*

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SIT OUT THE VOTE

ONE COMEDIAN'S ARGUMENTS AGAINST WHAT WE WERE TAUGHT TO BELIEVE.

BY JOE DEROSA

HAPPY New Year, everybody. Hope it's a good one for you. It probably won't be. Actually, it almost certainly won't be. Look, it won't be. Sorry to be the bearer of bad news, but with the way things are going, each of us is likely to be trolled by the president on Twitter, somehow connected to a sex scandal, and sustaining ourselves on recycled urine, all by early March.

But here's the good news: You can use your New Year's resolution as a distraction from the horror of life. You can set your sights on bettering yourself, in that one seemingly minuscule way, as a means of focusing on a small positive instead of the gargantuan negative.

I know, I know. Most of us are lousy at keeping those optimistic promises we make ourselves every January 1st, but that's where more good news comes in. I have a resolution for you that will be incredibly easy to honor. In fact, it takes zero effort and you won't even need to act on it for another three years. Don't vote in the next presidential election. That's it.

This isn't a resolution for me, it's a lifestyle. I don't vote for the president, I've never voted for a president, and I am quite confident I never will vote for a president. Before we proceed, let me address the first of several criticisms that will surely come from certain readers....

You're apathetic.

I'm absolutely not. Apathy is a lack of interest or concern. I'm completely interested in what the leaders of this country are doing and it concerns the hell out of me. I just can't do anything about it. None of us can.

And before you accuse me of white privilege, save it. I'm adopted and I'm not even sure if I'm white. A bunch of those DNA and family-tree websites tell me I'm Middle Eastern and African. But let's just say I'm white since I was raised by Italian-American parents and I've been told—in a startlingly racist turn by so many self-proclaimed progressives—that I “pass.”

Now, with me being white in mind, my perspective on government was birthed many moons ago, when I, as an 11-year-old-boy, discovered hip-hop. My favorite rappers—surprise, the majority of them not white—schooled me on the values of radicalism. They taught me that major societal changes don't come from people playing ball. Leaders

who truly fight for the people usually function outside of the system—Malcolm X, Martin Luther King, Ghandi, Jesus, etc. And we all know what happened to them. That's why it's no surprise to me that our outside-the-box, third-party candidates—you know, the ones most Democrats and Republicans yell at you for wasting votes on—are silenced, bullied out, or never stand a chance in the first place. Therefore, true change just isn't possible. You're reduced to swallowing the crumb promises a mere two parties offer you, and they don't even make good on those most of the time.

It's not the lesser of two evils, it's the better of two candidates.

In this day and age, with all of our access to information, I literally—and I mean *literally*—can't understand that there are still people talking about a how presidential candidate “gets them.” The level of power and wealth you need to acquire to even run for president is unfathomable to most people.

And I'm talking about the people that legitimately run, not the guy in glitter tights that hangs out in back of your gas station who somehow got his name on the ballot. I'm referring to the handful of Republicans and Democrats that end up on the pageant stage, out-shitting one another for the nomination. Those assholes are on another planet from us.

I've actually heard people refer to presidential candidates as “down to earth.” Are you fucking kidding me? Who else is down to earth? Tom Cruise? I'm sure when he's not saluting a volcano alien, he's just a real straight-shooter. How about Lady Gaga? Get her out of that meat suit and she's just the gal next door.

There's a reason why every Hollywood movie about the White House centers around power, corruption, deceit, and lies. And there's a reason every Mafia movie revolves around the same. Because art imitates life. Yet, we take the gangster flicks at face value and label the political films “thrillers.”

But not voting is crazy.

Is it? Take a look at the numbers. Most of us aren't happy. I know I've never witnessed the end of a president's term and heard someone say, “That was great!”

Over the last fifty years only three presidents have received a majority approval rating. Three. That's less than 30 percent.



DON'T VOTE

**I'M WILLING TO BET THAT NOBODY SHOWING UP AT THE POLLS
ON THE NEXT ELECTION DAY WOULD BE A LOUDER STATEMENT ON BEHALF OF
THE PEOPLE THAN WHAT WE KEEP DOING EVERY FOUR YEARS.**

But we just keep trudging forward, repeating our actions, and expecting different results. *That's* crazy. In fact, it's the very definition of insanity.

Let's take things in the other direction for once. I'm willing to bet that nobody showing up at the polls on the next election day would be a louder statement on behalf of the people than what we keep doing every four years. Our individual votes don't mean dick against the Electoral College anyway, so what have you got to lose? One of two things will happen: Either we, the people, will actually be heard for once, or we can at least avoid feeling hustled and embarrassed for buying into a bill of goods.

Well, if you don't vote, you can't complain.

Talk about a fundamentally untrue concept. I don't vote and I complain constantly. Watch, I'll prove it: THIS COUNTRY SUCKS. See? Any minimally witted human being is capable of understanding that you don't need to participate in a broken system in order to recognize shitty circumstances.

Besides, we question the integrity of every other system, bureaucratic or not. Faith in your church is considered a pipe dream, faith in your employer is deemed misguided, and faith in your marriage lasting is unrealistic. We call the police force corrupt, accuse judges and juries of being bought, and wave a collective middle finger at Wall Street. Our money isn't safe in the bank, our loved ones aren't safe in the streets, and no one feels safe enough to retire. Politicians "misspeak," salespeople mislead, and non-profits misappropriate donations.

And we're supposed to believe a government-run process, monitored by a foreign organization, consisting of several members that hail from countries the research organization Freedom House ranks as "not free," is somehow clean? By the way, the current voting system was created in 1787 and hasn't been updated since 1971's Federal Election Campaign Act. There's a new iPhone every eight months, but our federal election process is good to cruise for at least a cool fifty years.

People fought for your right to vote. It's your duty as a citizen.

People also fought for my right to own slaves. Just because people were willing to risk life and limb doesn't mean their cause is appropriate. But, to be fair, when it comes to voting, warring or fighting or marching for the right to do so was not just immensely important, but necessary. Having the ability, or illusion, of expression should be a right—or empty exercise—shared by all Americans equally. Good on us for achieving that.

But doesn't it seem like an odd coincidence that the more people were granted the right to vote, the more the government seemed to slip through our fingers? The more we were allowed to raise our voice, the less our voice was heard.

Couldn't it be that, maybe, just maybe, subterfuge was afoot? They gave us a shiny distraction to shut us up? We all own a few shares in the company, but none of us are actually sitting on the board. It's a fucking rub. It's like when the car dealer talks to you about the value of a rebate or when Costco advertises that buying twenty pounds of salmon instead of two actually saves you money.

Voting is a means of involving yourself, regardless of its impact.

It's been my experience that at this point in the no-voting debate, the pro-voting advocate will usually say something along these lines. That's fine. If the act of participating helps you sleep at night, then go ahead and run with it. Good rest is important. But call it what it is. Voting is essentially praying. It's another way for someone to express the need to believe in something in order to avoid the spirit-crushing possibility that there is no greater purpose. ☯☯

Joe DeRosa is an L.A.-based comedian, writer, director, and actor (Better Call Saul, Louie). His stand-up is available online, along with his podcasts We'll See You in Hell and Emotional Hangs. Follow him @joederosacomedy





THE GREAT OUTDOORS

I'D been on two dates with Abby, but I still wasn't sure if she was into me. I'm a blue-collar guy from the Bronx and she was an earthy hippie-type from the Berkshires who wore Birkenstocks and long flowing dresses. But she was a super-cute redhead with pale white skin and big tits. Despite her weird sense of fashion, she oozed sexuality. It made no sense, but I wasn't trying to figure it out.

For our third date, I rented a car for us to go upstate to see the leaves change. I was a little disappointed when she

I FINGERED HER PUSSY AND FUCKED HER PRETTY MOUTH WHILE THE BIRDS AND BUGS CHIRPED IN THE TREES.

showed up in hiking clothes—flannel shirt, jeans, thick boots—but she was still a fox and her ass looked great. When we kissed a few times in the car, I couldn't help but think about how to get her out those bulky clothes.

We drove to the country, did some apple picking, then went to a state park. The regular hiking trail was crowded, so when we saw a wilder and less populated route, we went for it.

I remember climbing hill after hill until we both had to stop to catch our breath. But the flush in Abby's cheeks got my heart racing faster than any steep incline ever could. I struggled to keep up with her using her heart-shaped ass as a compass.

Being from the city I'd never fucked

outside before, unless you count the roof of an apartment building, which I don't. Everyone has done that. After an hour of Abby's ass guiding my way, I was as horny as a wild animal. I wanted to fuck her in the woods so bad.

We got to the top of a mountain peak and sat down on a long, flat rock wedged between some trees. It was as if nature had built us our own specially designed fuck-platform. We started kissing and soon I had unzipped her pants and was gently rubbing her pussy. "I've never done this in the woods before," I told her, and she smiled as if I were a virgin.

"Everything is better outdoors," she said.

I laid her down on the rock and slid off her jeans. We continued to make out softly as our arms wrapped around one another. As the tension rose, I knew I needed to taste her. I pulled away and dipped my head between her legs. Her bush was pale orange and her pussy was as delicious as strawberry shortcake. I devoured it and fingered her as the sun peeked through the trees behind her. The louder she moaned the faster I licked and fingered. She came hard on my face, clenching my head so tightly between her knees I had to fight the intense pressure.

"I want to try something," she said, and leaned her head back so that it dangled off our love rock. Then she unzipped my pants and guided my throbbing cock into her mouth and I face-fucked her upside down, unbuttoning her shirt, finally getting to feel those big, firm tits.

Abby then put her hands on my ass and guided me back and forth, deeper into her throat, with my balls pressed against her face. I pinched her nipples while she groaned and grunted as if my meat were the most delicious thing she'd ever tasted. I fingered her pussy and fucked her pretty mouth while the birds and bugs chirped in the trees, the sun fully lighting up her splayed creamy flesh.

When I shot my load deep down her throat, I yelled louder than Tarzan, then fell down on the ground covered in dirt





and rocks. I remember looking up and seeing the orange leaves in the light, and her smiling face glowing with saliva and sweat and come.

I don't think I've ever seen a better view.

—Frank C., Bronx, New York

VIVE LA FRANCE!

MY wife and I traveled to Paris for our anniversary and decided to go to a sex club while we were there. It had been over twelve years since either of us had fucked anyone else. We'd talked about having an open marriage, or at least the possibility of swinging, but somehow it never transpired. But we decided that this was the time.

We really had no idea what to expect and were both a little drunk when we got to the club. The place was pretty dark, but gradually, as our eyes adjusted, we could see that different people around us were fucking and sucking each other, huddled in corners or melting into lush furniture.

At first we just observed. I got hard as a rock as I watched a gorgeous woman who must have been at least 50 years old squat on the cock of a dude who looked 25. I didn't even know I liked older women! But something about the way she fucked so freely—rubbing her clit and riding his cock with abandon

in front of all of those people—really turned me on.

Just as the woman looked like she was about to come, my wife tapped me on the shoulder and pointed to a girl getting her ass fingered by a curvy blonde in garters and fishnets. My cock turned into an iron rod.

Right then a woman approached us and in a thick French accent introduced herself as Liane. She had a long mane of black hair, thigh-high black boots, creamy skin, and tiny perky tits. She was completely nude except for a giant black strap-on. She asked my wife if she wanted to “play,” and when my wife turned to me with a questioning look, I immediately answered, “Hell yeah, if I get to watch!” Liane was of course fine with this, and the three of us made our way over to a set of armchairs in the corner.

I watched as Liane helped my wife undress down to her red lace bra and panties, bought especially for the occasion. Then Liane sat her down in the armchair, got down on her knees and began to tease and bite the insides of my wife's thighs. She didn't even kiss her, just went straight for the thighs. Whenever we have sex, my wife always likes a lot of foreplay, so I thought, *Sorry Liane, but she's not going to go for it.* But soon enough, my wife had her head thrust back, pushing

LIANE CLASPED HER HANDS AROUND MY WIFE'S WAIST, HOLDING HER AS SHE SUCKED HER CLIT.

her pussy into Liane's face, grabbing her hair like reins on a horse as she rode her.

Even though I'd seen my wife's pussy 10,000 times, I moved my chair to get a better angle and watched as Liane pulled off those panties and licked her like a snake. She had a sharp, almost pointed tongue, and it flicked on and off my wife's clit with speed and prowess. I swear there was a motor in this thing. My wife whimpered for more, arching her head up to glance at Liane in ecstasy and disbelief. Liane clasped her hands around my wife's tiny waist, holding her in place as she sucked her, lifting her head up to spit violently before thumbing my wife's clit with the same vigor. Now my wife was moaning and I was so horny that I had no choice but to unzip my pants, whip out my cock, and start jerking it right there as this strange woman ate out my wife.

Next thing I know, Liane was helping my wife up and bending her over the chair. She took her place behind my wife, ran her hand slowly from the top of her pussy to her asshole, and then proceeded to fuck her—first slowly, then faster and faster—with that black strap-on. I couldn't see my wife's face, only her ass bouncing, as Liane pumped in and out, her little titties bouncing in the air. Occasionally Liane would spank her ass, making it red and swollen. I could hear my wife cry out with pleasure as she begged for more.

Just as I was getting close to coming, my wife suddenly turned around to look at me. Fucking her had stopped being exciting around year three of the marriage, but seeing her get pounded by this woman was a whole different animal. Her eyes met mine and locked in and I saw her as an object of lust, a sexy cunt, a fuckdoll of sorts. Then she came on Liane's strap-on, moaning and spreading her ass cheeks wide so that black cock could go deeper inside her.

All of a sudden I came, harder than since I was a teenager, the huge load exploding all over my hands. This was like live porn! And strangely, the porn star was my wife.

—Gene L., Saint Paul, Minnesota

PANTY SLEUTH

I'M from suburban Ohio where typical teenage weekend activities include bonfires, smoking weed in the woods, and tipping over port-potties. And when it comes to women, the pickings here are slim, with most of the girls being plain Janes with that Midwestern quintessence: corn-fed, pumpkin-spice-sipping basicness.

But I'd be lying if I said it was all their fault that I didn't get laid until I was 18. I had no game. I've always been awkward with girls, my conversational efforts resulting in an embarrassing stutter as I try to manage something as simple as my name.

Despite that, I did have one stroke of luck: My older sister Dani was a cheerleader on the local college team, and had this stupidly hot friend, Lizzy—





blonde, toned, and with a megawatt smile that belonged slow-motion on a movie screen. Although they lived across town, my sister and Lizzy would sometimes crash at our parents' house because it was so close to the college. I was still living at home and dying to move out.

I'd been fantasizing about Lizzy since the first time Dani brought her over for dinner. After watching Lizzy twist and toy her blonde hair in her fingers as she talked about her classes, I was smitten. She was so hot. It was her lips. They were permanently wet. She had a mouth you wanted around your cock.

Later that night, I went to use the shower, barging in, and there was Lizzy, taking a bath, nursing her sore muscles from cheerleading practice that day. Her tits floated just above the water like two glittering buoys.

Lizzy let out a shriek and I bolted, hooking my foot on her panties in my fast exit.

Once inside the safety of my room, I shook them off my toes and studied them: size small, light blue lace. I took a long whiff of her dank, fruity musk and licked—the first time I'd tasted a woman. I sat down and began rubbing one out while I held the panties intently against my nose. Then came a knock.

It was my sister. I hid Lizzy's panties in my nightstand and tucked away my very blue balls just as Dani walked in.

"What the fuck, dude? You just can't go barging into a bathroom without knocking."

"Yeah, sorry. I had no idea Lizzy was in there. I hope I didn't embarrass her."

"I'm going to the store for some booze," she said, changing the subject. "Lizzy's spending the night. Want anything?"

"Nah, I've got a paper due tomorrow."

I watched as Dani's car rolled out of the driveway and assumed I had the house to myself, all the better to rekindle my lost moment with Lizzy's panties. I sat down and resumed stroking, only to be interrupted again—this time by Lizzy.

Shit! I thought she'd gone to the store with Dani.

"Geoffrey. Hi. What's uh, going on here?"

There I was, hands down my pants, Lizzy's blue panties resting on my nose, and Lizzy eyeing me like some hawk ready for the kill.

LIZZY RODE FASTER AND FASTER, SMACKING MY FACE WITH THOSE GOLDEN TITS.

"Oh, hey Lizzy, I uh, was wondering why I had your panties in here?" I offered up lamely.

She walked toward me and I froze. How the fuck would I lie my way out of this insane situation? I waited for Lizzy to berate me like a dumb dog, but she just snatched her panties and laughed.

"Do you do this sort of thing on the regular? Steal girl's panties?"

"Uh, no. This was just a mix-up and—"

Lizzy sat down beside me, switching her tune from murderous vixen to seductive nurturer.

"You know, Geoffrey, if you want to learn your way around a woman, the first step is to get to know her," she said as she pressed herself against me, rubbing my now limp dick through my pants. My entire body was on pins and needles and I hadn't even touched her yet.

Lizzy pushed me back onto my single bed and I lay there like some lifeless specimen ready to get examined. Her skin smelled of cocoa butter and it felt soft and warm.

Summoning the courage I'd lacked up to that point, I peeled off Lizzy's robe and studied her perfect body. It was like a goddamn muse—was there any flaw? Her stomach was toned, with that hot V that signaled some serious gym time. I didn't take long for my dick to turn purple with frustration. She was so fucking hot and I wanted more of her.

"You know," she said, "girl on top is the fastest way to orgasm for most women."

I looked up at her wide-eyed, my swollen dick throbbing for a cave to get lost in. Before I could mutter anything, Lizzy climbed on top me and began riding.

It was unlike anything I ever could have done with my hand—deep, warm, and slithering. I watched that smile of hers contort to a hedonist grin with each rock back and forth. I wondered if those moans were because of me? I hoped so. I didn't really know what I was doing, but I knew it felt fucking amazing.

Lizzy rode faster and faster, smacking my face with those golden tits the more intense her rocking got. Just as I was about to explode, her pussy clamped around my shaft, stopping my orgasm in its tracks.

I quickly pulled out of her tight snatch and flipped her onto all fours and went to town, my penis morphing into a jackhammer. Lizzy's moans got louder the deeper and harder I went. I watched as a fleck of sweat trailed down her back and that was it, I couldn't hold it anymore. Pulling out, I shot my considerable load all over her back and collapsed onto the bed.

Basking in the afterglow, I attempted to catch my breath.

"You alright there, comrade?" Lizzy asked.

"Yeah," I said. Then offered sheepishly, "That was my first time."

"What?!" she practically yelled.

Just then the front door slammed shut. Dani was home.

"Oh, shit!" Lizzy laughed, bolting out of my bed.

As she ran out the door, I looked down at her panties lying on the floor and did a victory dance in my head. Turns out my panty sleuthing got me on the fast track to finally getting laid.

—Geoffrey S., Toledo, Ohio

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A high-quality photograph of a woman's back and buttocks. She is wearing black, shiny, lace-trimmed thong underwear. Her hands are placed on her hips, with her fingers spread. Her fingernails are painted a bright red. The background is a plain, light color.

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KATE SIMMON
PET OF THE MONTH, SEPTEMBER 1978

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I laid her on her back and expressed strokes of oral fondness to her sweet shaven flower which she seemed to be enjoyably sensitive to. I softly licked and gently sucked the magic emanating from her smooth flowery pedals and applied both simultaneously to budding style until she wriggled away.



After sipping some champagne, she retreated to the bathroom to change into an exceptionally hot lingerie outfit. Holy mackerel, this young thing oozed sexuality.



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HUF

